

## WALLS ANTI-ALIEN ACT TRIFLING LOCAL ISSUE.

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(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

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What we ask for now is not soothing words, but the substance of justice. I have therefore every reason to believe that President Wilson will not cease his labors until an adjustment satisfactory to the Japanese people is made. To the new American Ambassador to the Mikado's court, I beg to express my ardent hope that he will find after the present dispute is over, the truth of the Japanese proverb, "After the rain is over, the ground solidifies and is harder."

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Ambassador Guthrie in his address referred to the illness of the Japanese Emperor, and expressed a hope for his speedy recovery. The Ambassador's remarks had to do chiefly with the extension of America's trade abroad.

"There is no future for any nation if it is cut off from the light of the world," he said. "When entering upon these broad fields we must do so fearlessly and with knowledge as to our country's duties and responsibilities which we cannot shirk. I am not afraid of the discontent of a free people. It is with that, that great and noble things are gained."

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Physicians Think Cattleman Who Attempted to Commit Suicide by Mowing Route Will Live.

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## Link Heart and Hand Today for Life.



## MIKADO IS IMPROVING; TOKIO IS REJOICING.

Cabinet Authorizes Reopening of Theaters—Christians Join With Shintoists in Prayer for Recovery of Monarch—Public and Press Sobered by Emperor's Illness and Bitter Plights of People Give Way to Grief.

(BY CABLE AND FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE OVERLAND TO THE TIMES.)

TOKIO, May 23.—A bulletin issued this morning by the Imperial Household Agency announced that the temperature of the Emperor was 99.2 degrees. His pulse was 76 and respiration 24. Government officials say the Emperor passed a favorable night, that his condition this morning is satisfactory and that there is no cause for anxiety. A ministerial order issued today authorizes the reopening of theaters and other places of entertainment.

The Emperor's condition is said to be improving. The Emperor's condition is said to be improving. The Emperor's condition is said to be improving.

TOKIO, May 23.—(Special Dispatch.) The condition of the Mikado Yoshihito remains unchanged. The fever kept gaining until late this afternoon when the attending physicians found a welcome improvement in their august patient. A pilgrimage of priests left for the mountain shrine of Fuji Yama (the snow-crowned) this forenoon, there to offer their prayers for the speedy recovery of the Emperor. In Shinto temples and Christian churches crowds of Japanese of all classes are praying constantly that Yoshihito may be spared to continue his benign reign. Everywhere there are signs of sorrow and anxiety.

Watanabe, states that it was first intended to remove the patient from the Gaiyama palace to the Chiyoda palace, the nearest of the imperial residences, but he became so weak on Wednesday that the doctors negated this plan.

"His majesty is very weak," says the Count, "but we do not think there is any great danger. His constitution has greatly improved since his last illness a few years ago."

The condolence of the American government, expressed by President Woodrow Wilson, by Charge d'Affaires Arthur Bailey-Blandford, has greatly pleased officials and the people.

(Continued on Second Page.)

"Le Beau Monde."

MODISTE DEMANDS PAY FOR GOULD WEDDING GOWN

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Exclusive society in this city was shocked today when a suit was entered against P. E. Randolph, a wealthy clubman, by Miss M. Brooks, a fashionable modiste.

Miss Brooks has been a dressmaker for the Randolph girls, who are leaders of their set here. The modiste asserts that she has never been paid for her work. There are several claims which have been placed in the hands of an attorney, and he has elected to take the bill due for a gown made for Miss Hannah Randolph, one of the Gould bridemaids, as a test case, and after that has been decided, then other claims will be presented.

Miss Brooks claims that Miss Randolph owes her \$110 for a gown made two years ago and which was worn by Miss Randolph last summer when it was rumored that Miss Randolph was to wed King George.

## MAD CRUSH IN BERLIN TO SEE PRINCESS LOUISE.

### Cavalry Is Called Out to Clear a Way in the Streets of the German Capital.

Music of the First Act of "Lohengrin" Is Sung on Solicitation of the Kaiser's Only Daughter Who Becomes a Bride Today—Crowned Heads and Nobles from Far and Near Accompany the Jewel-Bedecked Maid to the Royal Operahouse.

(BY CABLE AND FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE OVERLAND TO THE TIMES.)

BERLIN, May 23.—[Special Dispatch.] Festive enthusiasm overflowed tonight at the gala performance in the Royal Operahouse, where all who could get even standing room near the exits pressed to see the Princess Victoria Louise on the eve of her wedding and the imposing company of crowned heads, princes and princesses in the imperial boxes. The crowding in the streets was terrific. Automobiles and carriages, their way cleared by cavalry and police, had to crawl to the doors

of the magnificent theater. Cheers, deafening and ever-recurring, marked the arrival of the notables. Within a picture of light, splendor and by soldiers approached in any city in the world. The arched, staircases and spacious foyer were gay with potted plants, garlands and cut flowers. Rich rugs, through which the feet sank noiselessly, covered stairway and corridor. Most prominent in the decorations, however, was the profusion of carnations, the favorite flower of the young bride-to-be.

In accordance with the Princess's expressed desire, the first act of Wagner's "Lohengrin" was sung with Putnam Griswold, a singer well known to American opera-goers, in the part of the margrave.

The entrance of the imperial party brought a tremendous ovation from all parts of the house. People stood and cheered while the Kaiser, Czar and English King and the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Ernest acknowledged the plaudits for the ladies of the party and for themselves.

As the first cheer died away, the orchestra burst forth in the well-known strains of "Hail Dir in Hohenheim" and again a huge outburst of loyalty rocked the building. Throughout the opera the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Every school in the empire has been ordered closed tomorrow. German boys and girls will celebrate the wedding as a joyous national event.

In all fifty-seven imperial, royal and princely personages will see Victoria Louise become the bride of Prince Ernest Augustus.

BERLIN IN GALA DRESS.

The scene presented by the city of Berlin tonight is one of wonderful impressiveness. Expectation has now reached its climax. Hotels and restaurants are filled by crowds of guests the like of which has never been known before. The superbly decorated streets are so packed with people, so vast in the influx, every body seems to want to stroll down the Unter den Linden at the same time, yet the order is perfect.

WEDDING GIFTS PRESENTED.

It was a beautiful scene at the Schloss today at 11 in the forenoon, when in the presence of the Emperor and Augusta the bridal couple received deputations from many parts of the empire, bearing magnificent wedding gifts and the foreign Ambassadors likewise offering valuable tokens, mostly jewelry.

First came Ober-Burgmeister Wernuth, Lord Mayor of the city of Berlin, who introduced a deputation of leading citizens and the civic associations, delegation. He made a speech offering the civic presents as tokens of heartfelt love and lasting remembrance.

Then came deputations from Potsdam and the court circles and the Ambassadors of the United States, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Spain, Turkey and lesser countries, each presenting a suitable token.

As soon as the diplomatic corps retired deputations were received from Hanover and Brunswick, from the Second Hussar Regiment, of which Princess Victoria Louise is a colonel, and the Zieten Hussars, in which Prince Ernest is a first lieutenant, and the First Bavarian Heavy Dragoon, to which he was formerly attached.

All were received with kind words and happy smiles by the anxiously happy pair.

IDEAL LOVERS.

Two ideal lovers are Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, who will bear her from the altar of the old Castle chapel as his lovely bride as the sun is in the west tomorrow.

CEAR CLOSELY GUARDED.

The Czar's visit to Berlin to see the Kaiser's daughter married is that of a crowned head imprisoned by fear. A forest of glittering sabers flanks progress wherever he goes. Yet his passage through the streets, surrounded by gallant guards, is not a wall against bomb or bullet of the signal for tumultuous enthusiasm.

All Berlin wants to see the Czar. Every German cheers the Russian Emperor. Hats are raised, handkerchiefs flutter to the sovereign deemed in hourly danger.

COOLNESS TOWARD KING.

With one exception there is heartiness in the greeting for all the princely guests of the Kaiser. Royal and ducal motor cars are constantly speeding hither and thither. The names of the occupants are called out by knowing enthusiasts. They are cheered and they bow their acknowledgments—all save one. There can be no mistake about the fridity of the people of the German toward King George of England, who drove about today with little show of pomp and who spoke sincere words of peace at the luncheon given in his honor at the British Embassy. The attitude towards them is one of cool politeness.

But it is unmistakable. Berlin has not warmed towards the British sovereign or his consort, Queen Mary.

Next to the Czar and the Princess Victoria Louise, the greatest plaudits are given to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden. The Duke seems to be enjoying himself for the first time in years. He likes public notice and he is getting it in abundance.

KING GEORGE TALKS PEACE.

King George delivered a carefully prepared speech at the luncheon in the Embassy, at which his Queen, the

(Continued on Second Page.)

## PRINCESS' WEDDING PRESENTS VALUED AT TEN MILLION MARKS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY FEDERAL WIRELESS LINE OVERLAND TO THE TIMES.)

BERLIN, May 23.—[Special Dispatch.] Although Princess Victoria Louise is to have a "simple wedding," the wedding gifts displayed before the eyes of visiting Princes, Princesses and nobles from all parts of the world, in the handsome Brunswick chamber at the castle today, are valued at not less than ten million marks. This a conservative, authoritative estimate.

They number in all about one thousand and come from the principal German cities and provinces, patriotic societies, girls' colleges and influential individuals.

The gift of the City of Berlin is a rare and precious Persian carpet, woven at Tabriz. The civic associations are represented by a costly carved cabinet.

Among other presents are rare Dresden china from the King of Saxony and offerings from Prince Christian Kraft von Hohenlohe and Baroness Bertha Krupp.

Protoplasma.

## FINDS A SECRET OF LIFE; PROVES BEAR WAS A SEAL.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Prof. Edward T. Reichert of the University of Pennsylvania, the physiologist who has been working several years to discover if possible a method of producing life artificially, has just completed the first report of the discovery that he has made of the underlying methods of formation of protoplasma. This research work, Dr.

Reichert relates in his report to the Carnegie Institution at Washington, is one of the most epochal work in biology since the time of Linnæus, and underlies mechanisms of protoplasma and is of broad fundamental applicability in general biology and in medicine.

Dr. Reichert has demonstrated beyond doubt that starches from different

(Continued on Third Page.)



# UNPARALLELED SPLENDOR TO MARK ROYAL WEDDING

## Kaiser's Only Daughter and Princely Lover Hold World's Stage Today.

### Double Ceremony This Afternoon Will Go Down Into History as One of the Most Magnificent and Significant Events of New Century—Fifty Thousands Bayonets Guard Potentates That Have Gathered for Event.

BY MALCOLM CLARK.

BERLIN, May 23.—(Special Dispatch.) All thought of sleep seems to be forgotten by the good people of Berlin and the thousands of visitors who are here for the imperial wedding. Those who do seek the comforting pillow to brace up for the stirring doings of tomorrow will be awakened at daybreak by the booming voices of big guns—the cannon of the forts greeting the imperial bery stationed to the left of the castle answering this city's salute to the name of the Emperor and his daughter, the lovely ex-patriate Victoria Louise.

Fair are the weather signs, promising Hohensohnian blue skies and sweet sunshine, auspicious of happiness. The last of the troops to take part in tomorrow's representation of the military organizations of the empire arrived this afternoon. Altogether 14,000 soldiers in full dress uniform, it is estimated that not less than 1,000,000 people will actually see the imperial procession from various points on the route.

UP BEFORE SUNRISE.

The bride-to-be will rise before daybreak. For that reason and to keep her cheeks rosy and bright for the two wedding ceremonies—the civil rite in Brandenburg hall and the civil rite in the chapel of the castle—Victoria Louise retired to her room early. She ate heartily at supper and drank a glass of milk just before her mother, the Kaiserin, kissed her good night. A lady in waiting will call her fifteen minutes before daybreak. She will dress in a simple morning toilette and meet the Emperor in his private library. Together they will stand at the library balcony while the cannon of the forts are fired. They will be alone during the succeeding half hour as it is the Emperor's desire to take this last opportunity of advising his daughter before she goes from the Schloss to take up the responsibilities of wifehood.

FAMILY REUNION.

After this conference the Kaiserin and the six bridesmaids will join the Emperor William and Victoria Louise in the regular morning "cabinet council" of the imperial family. The Emperor will preside for system and the Kaiserin routine will proceed as usual, with this distinction that more ceremony will be used. After this reunion of the family, the Princess and the Kaiserin will join the royal and ducal ladies who may be already up and about and spend the interval before breakfast in the palace garden, discussing the busy hours to follow. The breakfast will be a quiet affair, the Kaiserin and the ladies will retire to the conclusion of the ladies will retire to change their toilettes for the reception of the visiting dignitaries which will consume most of the time before luncheon. It is not unlikely that a few of more of the great ladies will be seen in the garden before luncheon. Queen Mary will, however, be a great belle in early rising and has renewed previous pleasant impressions by her cheerful and cheery womanly qualities since her return to Berlin this week.

BAYONETS GLISTEN.

While these preliminary events are taking place within the Schloss, the crowds will be already gathering in the Unter den Linden and the other avenues to be followed by the state parade. The first touch of bayonets to the decorations and they present a veritable blaze of color. Picked regiments glistening like the sunshine from their accoutrements and bayonets and sabers will form a double line all the way. Patrols of cavalry and infantry are sent out to see that all is in order for the coming of the imperial cavalcade. Russian secret police have been installed in many houses where it is likely to be the thickest. Other muscovite guardians of the uneasy ruler of the White Empire of the North will mix with the crowds, ready for any emergency. The impression is growing that these exceptional precautions must be due to some actual warning of an attempt to be made on the life of the Czar. Never was a monarch come to witness a happy event so hedged around with alert eered, nervous strong-armed officials as the Kaiser, however, both German and Russian, strenuously deny that such is the case.

# HOW WOULD YOU INVEST \$500?

## The Times Will Award Cash Prizes For the Best Letters, Not Exceeding 150 Words, On This Subject.

In one of the columns of the "Liner" section of this issue of The Times is a classified advertisement stating in effect that \$52.50 will be paid to the persons submitting the best suggestions as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 in a business venture, or in any other way, in Los Angeles.

This advertisement will appear from day to day until May 31, in a different column of The Times' classified advertising pages, AND WILL CONTAIN THE LETTER AND NUMBER OF A BOX IN THE TIMES POSTOFFICE, TO WHICH REPLIES MUST BE SENT. NO REPLIES WILL BE CONSIDERED UNLESS THEY CONTAIN THE CORRECT LETTER AND NUMBER OF THE BOX ADDRESS THAT APPEARS IN THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Read the "Want Ads." in today's Times, find the advertisement above referred to, and submit your suggestion before June 1 in not more than 150 words, and mail or deliver it to the address stated therein.

The person submitting the best suggestion as to the most profitable way of investing \$500 will be awarded a cash prize of \$20, the second best suggestion \$15, the third \$10, the fourth \$5, and the fifth \$2.50.

Find the classified ad in today's Times which contains the address to which it is necessary that your suggestion be sent, submit your ideas and with one of these prizes. This contest is open to everybody except persons directly and indirectly connected with The Times.

The prizes will be awarded by a committee appointed for the purpose, and the winning essays will be published.

This contest will close June 1.

groom, who will be married in full dress uniform. He will wear all his decorations, but the helmet of an officer of the Kaiser's cavalry instead of a ducal coronet. Emperor William, King George and the Czar will all wear the uniforms of their highest rank in the German army.

IN THE CHAPEL.

The procession into the chapel will be headed by the Chamberlain, Marshal and hereditary and after a brief interval, the bride and groom, attended by their suites. The mistress of the ceremonies will walk to the right and a step behind the Princess. A chamberlain of the House of Cumberland will walk to the Prince's left. The Kaiser will lead in the Duchess Thyra, and the Duke will escort the Kaiserin; the Czar will give his arm to Queen Mary, and King George will follow the Crown Prince and his brothers, the former assisting the Grand Duchess of Baden, will precede the many members of the royal families of Europe. These will take their places immediately in front of the sanctuary enclosure, and the bride and groom, either side, of which will be the bride and the bridegroom's suites. The Emperor will stand at the extreme right and the least formal and most complimentary to the bride and groom, the Formosan and Korean growers. For the present, however, murmurs of discontent are heard and society have no room for domestic rancor.

CHAPING UNDER TAXATION.

The people are chafing against a load of taxation amounting in many cases to from 15 to 40 per cent. of their own. Many industries have drained to the last taxable cent, and the small farmers of West Nippon and the less fortunate are nearly complaining of unfair competition from the Formosan and Korean growers. For the present, however, murmurs of discontent are heard and society have no room for domestic rancor.

Make Haste Slowly.

# TO LET COURTS SETTLE ISSUE.

BOTH SIDES DESIRE TO TEST  
ALIEN ACT JUDICIALLY.

Anxiety Over Illness of Mikado Seems to Hamper Japanese Negotiations Which are Losing Their Character of Urgency—Congressman Sisson Tones Down Language.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Probably as a result of the anxiety in official circles in Japan over the condition of the Emperor no instructions have been received at the Japanese embassy to make the expected further representations to the United States government regarding the California alien land act. The embassy is engaged in collecting material for the continuance of the negotiations on the lines indicated in the original Japanese note of March 22, 1917. The matter relates principally to the phase of the negotiations touching the alien land act, which is the California State law and the treaty, leaving to the foreign office the broader questions of policy.

Legal proceedings of some sort seem to be indicated—both parties desiring to use that means of settlement. The Japanese side apparently hinges upon which side shall assume the responsibility for making this test.

The Japanese will not go into effect until August 10, before which date it would not be possible to bring suit, and for that reason the negotiations seem to be losing some of the features of urgency that characterized the early stages.

SISSON "SISSES ON."

BUT THERE WAS A GAME TODAY.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Representative Sisson, of Michigan, today announced his speech today in the House. President Wilson, after Mr. Sisson recently made a speech, called the representative to the White House and asked him not to make any speech that might complicate diplomatic negotiations.

Mr. Sisson disclaimed any intention today of making a "was speech," but attacked the position that the treaty making power superseded the law-making powers of the sovereign States.

COUNT ENDS HIS LIFE.

Hungarian Noble Said to Have Lost  
in Speculation—Speculations—Had  
Three Cents Left.

BERLIN, May 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Count Ladislaus Keglevich, son of a member of the House of Magnates, and a relative of Count Szechenyi, was today reported to have lost his fortune in speculation, and to have been reduced to a few cents.

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GEORGE V FOR WORLD PEACE.

King of England in Berlin Says His  
Preservation is Chief Aim of His  
Life.

BERLIN, May 23.—King George of England, at present the guest of Emperor William, spoke earnestly today on the necessity for the maintenance of world peace, in replying to an address presented to him by the British residents of Berlin, gathered at the British Embassy. His Majesty said:

"The preservation of peace is my fervent desire, as it was the chief aim and object of my father's life."

This is the first political note sounded during the wedding ceremonies of Emperor William's only daughter, for which three Emperors and many Princes are gathered. The King's words seem, according to the opinion expressed in influential circles, to epitomize the chief subjects of the royal visits as a demonstration of the peaceful and friendly relations existing between the three powerful dynasties. King George and Queen Mary were guests today at luncheon at the British Embassy, and the Emperor and the Kaiserin were present.

For the gala opera to be given tonight, the local orchestra has been selected by Princess Victoria Louise.

SUES LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Although Actress Was Not in Her  
Car, New Yorker Who Was Hit,  
Asks Damages.

SCHENECTADY (N. Y.) May 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Suit was started today in the Supreme Court of \$5000 against Lillian Russell, for injuries received by William Fitzgerald when he was knocked down by her automobile in New York City. Fitzgerald was not in the car at the time, but Fitzgerald thinks she ought to pay him \$5000 for his injuries.

# Mikado Improving.

(Continued From First Page.)

ple of the capital. The vernacular newspapers print the message with the statement that President Wilson was the first head of the foreign powers to express sympathy.

The illness of the Emperor seems to have sobered political expressions of opinion on the California dispute and to express sympathy.

The absence of acrimony in most of the editorials today. While the recovery of the Mikado remains in doubt no action is likely to be taken in regard to Japan's reply to the declaration of views submitted to the Japanese government by the State Department at Washington. It is admitted unofficially that if anything should happen to Yoshihito the consequences might be serious.

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# CUMMINS PLAN CALLED FOOLISH.

(Continued From First Page.)

Gallinger Opposes National  
Convention This Year.

Says He is a Reactionary and  
is Proud of It.

Executive Committee to Make  
Its Decision Today.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The Republican National Executive Committee, which will meet here tomorrow at the call of Charles D. Hilles, chairman, will consider primarily the advisability of calling an early meeting of the national committee to consider plans for strengthening the party lines preparatory to the text of the Progressive party.

Before determining to call the committee together, it will be decided whether the time is ripe to begin organizing for the future. The Progressive party has been written into the statutes and its effect on the country analyzed. The committee will be decided whether the time is ripe to begin organizing for the future. The Progressive party has been written into the statutes and its effect on the country analyzed.

Legal proceedings of some sort seem to be indicated—both parties desiring to use that means of settlement. The Japanese side apparently hinges upon which side shall assume the responsibility for making this test.

The Japanese will not go into effect until August 10, before which date it would not be possible to bring suit, and for that reason the negotiations seem to be losing some of the features of urgency that characterized the early stages.

SISSON "SISSES ON."

BUT THERE WAS A GAME TODAY.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Representative Sisson, of Michigan, today announced his speech today in the House. President Wilson, after Mr. Sisson recently made a speech, called the representative to the White House and asked him not to make any speech that might complicate diplomatic negotiations.

Mr. Sisson disclaimed any intention today of making a "was speech," but attacked the position that the treaty making power superseded the law-making powers of the sovereign States.

COUNT ENDS HIS LIFE.

Hungarian Noble Said to Have Lost  
in Speculation—Speculations—Had  
Three Cents Left.

BERLIN, May 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Count Ladislaus Keglevich, son of a member of the House of Magnates, and a relative of Count Szechenyi, was today reported to have lost his fortune in speculation, and to have been reduced to a few cents.

BUDAPEST, May 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Count Ladislaus Keglevich, son of a member of the House of Magnates, and a relative of Count Szechenyi, was today reported to have lost his fortune in speculation, and to have been reduced to a few cents.

GEORGE V FOR WORLD PEACE.

King of England in Berlin Says His  
Preservation is Chief Aim of His  
Life.

BERLIN, May 23.—King George of England, at present the guest of Emperor William, spoke earnestly today on the necessity for the maintenance of world peace, in replying to an address presented to him by the British residents of Berlin, gathered at the British Embassy. His Majesty said:

"The preservation of peace is my fervent desire, as it was the chief aim and object of my father's life."

This is the first political note sounded during the wedding ceremonies of Emperor William's only daughter, for which three Emperors and many Princes are gathered. The King's words seem, according to the opinion expressed in influential circles, to epitomize the chief subjects of the royal visits as a demonstration of the peaceful and friendly relations existing between the three powerful dynasties. King George and Queen Mary were guests today at luncheon at the British Embassy, and the Emperor and the Kaiserin were present.

For the gala opera to be given tonight, the local orchestra has been selected by Princess Victoria Louise.

SUES LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Although Actress Was Not in Her  
Car, New Yorker Who Was Hit,  
Asks Damages.

SCHENECTADY (N. Y.) May 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Suit was started today in the Supreme Court of \$5000 against Lillian Russell, for injuries received by William Fitzgerald when he was knocked down by her automobile in New York City. Fitzgerald was not in the car at the time, but Fitzgerald thinks she ought to pay him \$5000 for his injuries.

# Mad Crush in Berlin.

(Continued From First Page.)

German Imperial Chancellor, Von  
Bethmann-Hollweg, and Ambassador  
Lohmann were present.

"The preservation of peace," he said, "is my one fervent desire, as it was also the chief aim and object of my dear father's life."

The speech is quoted with pertinent comment in the Berlin newspapers.

CZAR IN CONFERENCE.

In the morning the Czar and the Imperial Chancellor had a long conference. It is generally agreed that they discussed questions of international policy. After this conference the Czar and Kaiser drove out to the country, surrounded by soldiers and preceded and followed by automobiles filled with German and Russian secret police.

EMPERORS PRAY AT TOMP.

The Czar wore the uniform of a colonel of the First Prussian Grenadier Guards. Emperor William appeared in the uniform of a Russian general. Together they visited the mausoleum at Charlottenburg.

Side by side they knelt at the sarcophagus of the old Emperor William I and the Empress Augusta. After they had prayed awhile they laid beautiful wreaths at the base of the tomb. The Grand Duchess of Baden followed them to the mausoleum and added her prayers to theirs. Many believe that all three petitions will be answered.

The Czar and Kaiser then drove on to the Grunewald forest and the banks of the Havel, where they ascended the old watch tower. The weather was magnificent. There was not a cloud in the deep blue sky. The Russian monarch was greatly impressed by the magnificent view of the city and its environs—it is one of the finest prospects in the world.

REVIEWING TROOPS.

Descending the tower, they re-entered their automobiles and drove to the review of the troops. The review was held in the Grunewald forest. The Czar and Kaiser were seated in the front of the reviewing stand. The troops were in full dress uniform. The review was a magnificent sight.

Within and without the army swarms of special police, many of these Russian secret agents, kept vigilance for possible enemies of the society. The review passed off happily without incident.

In the Talk.

# RICH ARIZONAN UNDER ARREST.

PHILIPS-DODGE MANAGER HELD  
ON CONSPIRACY CHARGE.

Is Accused of Having Sold Large  
Quantity of Ammunition to State  
Troops of Sonora, Mex., and  
Assistant Must Answer to Allegation  
of Violation of Neutrality Law.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

BISBEE (Ariz.) May 23.—William H. Brophy, general manager of the Phelps-Dodge Mercantile Company, with stores in Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico, and F. E. Colas, assistant manager, were today arrested on a charge of conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws. Bonds were placed at \$5000 each by United States Commissioner J. L. Taylor and the defendants are held in the Phoenix Jail.

Brophy, who is one of the wealthiest men in Southern Arizona, and his assistant are charged with having sold 50,000 rounds of ammunition to L. J. Perez, Constitutionalist Consul at Naco, Ariz., Gen. S. A. B. of the Sonora State troops and Comodoro Martinez of Naco, Sonora.

Perez and Martinez also were arrested on a charge of violating the neutrality laws and were held in bonds of \$2500 each. A complaint was issued for Gen. Bracamonte, but his presence in Sonora prevented service of the warrant.

The arrests followed the action of United States line riders several days ago in intercepting shipments of ammunition which the Federal authorities declared were on their way to the border illegally.

TO SETTLE TREATY QUESTION.

Missouri Representative Would  
Give Congress Exclusive Power to  
Legislate on Matters Affecting  
Foreign Powers.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Constitutional amendment to give Congress exclusive power to legislate on matters affecting the right of citizens of foreign countries residing in the United States was proposed in a joint resolution today by Representative Barthold of Missouri. The proposed amendment deals directly with the questions involved in the present California-Japanese situation.

PAGE DODGES INTERVIEW.

American Ambassador Declines to  
Talk to Newspapers on Arrival at  
Queenstown.

(BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES.)

QUEENSTOWN (Ireland) May 23.—Walker Hines Page, the new United States Ambassador to Great Britain, parried all attempts of newspapermen to obtain an interview when he arrived today on the Baltic from New York. "He contented himself with the remark that his constant endeavor while holding his office would be to maintain the more than friendly relations between the United States and the United Kingdom which had happily continued for such a long time." The American Consul here went on board the Baltic while she was off the port and delivered a package of dispatches to Ambassador Page.

Chronic Dropsy.

The following interesting case of chronic dropsy and edema is reported by a physician from the University of California.

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Go East to Washington.

Go East to Washington.

# HUERTA CABINET READY TO QUIT.

(Continued From First Page.)

Mexican Congress in Full  
Over Proposed Law.

Advocates and Legislation  
Generally Oppose It.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

MEXICO CITY, May 23.—The cabinet of President Huerta and his members, and members of the Mexican Congress, are today ready to quit. The cabinet was today reported to be ready to resign. The members of the cabinet were today reported to be ready to resign. The members of the cabinet were today reported to be ready to resign.

The trouble between the President and his advisers was today reported to be very serious. The President was today reported to be very angry. The President was today reported to be very angry. The President was today reported to be very angry.

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# -your SUIT Here

## J. B. Silverwood

—the store that specializes on odd types of masculinity—

—summer  
**HART  
SCHAFFNER  
& MARX**  
\$18 to \$40 suits  
and Norfolks

221 South Spring  
Broadway at Sixth

Every Hotel in the West  
the cuisine of which has been a factor in  
its success, serves

## GHIRARDELLI'S Ground Chocolate

—for it is invariably demanded by discriminating guests and because most hotels pride themselves in providing only the best. This is proven by the quantity of Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate sold to the leading hosteleries.

After the sight-seeing tour, the busy afternoon at shopping, the evening at the theater, there is nothing that quite "touches the spot" like a steaming cup of Ground Chocolate. But be sure it's Ghirardelli's.



**D. GHIRARDELLI CO.**  
Since 1888

# DON'T FAIL to go to ANGELUS PARK

## Sunday, May 25th

Q
 Pre-development sale of lots. Free auto trips through Griffith Park. Free luncheon in Angelus Park. A day of a hundred pleasant features.

**Large Lots \$550 and Up**  
*Take Glendale Cars to Richardson.*

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS

Main 4107
333-335-337 South Hill St.
Home 60556

A dark, vertical, textured strip, possibly a book cover or binding, with a lighter, textured background. The strip has a fine, vertical ribbed texture and appears to be made of a different material or is a different part of the same material as the background. The background is a light gray, also with a fine texture. The strip is positioned on the right side of the image, running vertically from top to bottom.











# WE OFFER 7% BONDS ISSUED BY THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES

And other incorporated cities of California in payment for the paving or other improvements of public streets. These bonds bear 7 per cent interest, run for ten years, with one-tenth of the principal payable each year; both interest and principal payable at the office of the City Treasurer.

All bonds offered by us are first purchased for our own account, and every detail carefully inspected. There is no investment offered in this market which carries a higher rate of security. Our many years of experience in buying and selling bonds of this class, and the uniformly satisfactory experience of our customers through a series of years, is our warrant for strongly recommending this security. We can supply amounts to suit purchasers.

ELLIOTT & HORNE COMPANY, 325 West Third St.

## LOGAN & BRYAN

BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, COTTON AND COFFEE.  
Members all Leading Exchanges,  
LOS ANGELES OFFICE, BRADBURY BLDG.  
L. N. STOTT, Manager.

Sunset Main 5415.

Home 10931.

## A.M. CLIFFORD & CO.

HIGH GRADE BONDS  
5% to 6%  
NEUTRAL FOR SAVINGS BANKS, TRUSTS AND CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS  
HIBERNIAN BUILDING SPRING AT FOURTH

## JNO. O. KNIGHT & CO.

All Local Investment Securities  
Members Los Angeles Stock Exchange  
433 H. W. Helman Bldg.  
Bdwy. 1897

## H ELLMAN Commercial Trust and Savings Bank

Formerly Merchants Bank & Trust Co.  
297-911 South Broadway

## J. J. Doran Company

STOCKS AND BONDS  
We Buy and Sell.  
119 West Fourth Street. Phone Main 513, A5983.

## Wm. R. Staats Co. Dealers in Municipal & Corporation Bonds

Also Execute Commission Orders in Listed Securities  
LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, PASADENA,  
108 W. 4th St. 405 Montgomery St. 41 S. Raymond Ave.

## WILLARD E. WINNER

Corporations Organized,  
Reorganized and  
Consolidated  
800 Story Bldg., Los Angeles.

## SAVINGS BANKS

**SECURITY TRUST SAVINGS BANK**  
OLDEST AND LARGEST IN THE WEST.  
REVENUES OVER  
\$47,500,000.00 \$3,400,000.00  
Security Bldg., Spring at Fifth.  
Liquidate Branch, Spring at First.

## German American Bank

TRUST AND SAVINGS  
SPRING AND FOURTH STS.

## LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

Sixth and Spring

## TRUST COMPANIES

**TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY**  
N.E. CORNER OF FIFTH AND SPRING STS.  
"Best Policies of Title Insurance and Guarantees of Title. Its Assets Exceed the COMBINED ASSETS of all other Title Companies in Southern California."

## CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME	OFFICERS	CAPITAL	SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS
Citizens National Bank & W. Cor. Third and Main	A. J. WATERS, Pres. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.	Capital.....\$1,500,000	Surplus and Undivided Profits.....\$700,000
Farmers & Merchants Nat. Bank & W. Cor. Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, Pres. V. H. ROSETH, Cashier.	Capital.....\$1,500,000	Surplus and Profits.....\$2,000,000
Central National Bank & E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZIMMER, Pres. S. F. GIST, Cashier.	Capital.....\$200,000	Surplus and Profits.....\$243,000
National Bank of California & E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, Pres. H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.	Capital.....\$400,000	Surplus and Profits.....\$250,000
First National Bank & E. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, Pres. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.	Capital.....\$1,500,000	Surplus and Profits.....\$250,000
Merchants National Bank & E. Cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, Pres. H. H. RAMBO, Cashier.	Capital.....\$200,000	Surplus.....\$200,000

## M. Fredrickson Hair Co.

71796 Ground Floor Black Bldg., 350 South Hill Street Main 6150

## Low Rates East

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist  
482 1/2 S. Broadway, Corner 5th. Over the Bank.

## WEBB'S HAIR TONIC

Cures Dandruff—stimulates growth of hair—prevents falling. The best hair tonic ever produced. For sale by BOSWELL & NOYES, 50c 300 South Broadway, Corner Third.

## 30 Years of Integrity

MOLLEN & BURET  
CLOTHING CO.  
BROADWAY at SIXTH

## 4% Interest Paid on Deposits 4% the

**American Savings Bank**  
Resources \$3,000,000.00  
N. E. Corner Spring and Second Sts.

## THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY

Grand Central Terminal, New York, May 14, 1918.  
To holders of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company's 5% First Gold Bonds.

## E.F. HUTTON & CO.

518 W. Fourth St. Main 3170; 10388.  
Members New York Stock Exchange.

## BONDS

It costs but a small amount to keep Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always in your medicine chest, and it is economy in the end.—Advertisement.

# Business: Markets, Finance and Trade.

## FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER  
LOS ANGELES, May 24, 1918.

Bank clearing yesterday was \$2,614,500.40, an increase of \$100,000.00 over the clearing of the preceding day, and an increase of \$1,000,000.00 over the clearing of the preceding week.

Bank clearing today was \$2,614,500.40, an increase of \$100,000.00 over the clearing of the preceding day, and an increase of \$1,000,000.00 over the clearing of the preceding week.

Quotations furnished by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

OIL STOCKS.

Standard Oil of California.....\$24.00  
Standard Oil of New Jersey.....\$24.00  
Standard Oil of Texas.....\$24.00

Standard Oil of Indiana.....\$24.00  
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## DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, May 24.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Citrus market unchanged. Weather cloudy.

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Business: Shipping, Mines and Stocks.

WEATHER.

THE WEATHER. Los Angeles, Cal., May 24, 1918. Clear, with a few clouds in the morning. High 74, low 54, mean 64. Wind, light breeze from the west. Sea, calm. Forecast for May 25: Partly cloudy, with a chance of rain. High 72, low 52, mean 62. Wind, light breeze from the west. Sea, calm.

Shares and Money.

SPECULATION LACKS VITALITY.

UPWARD MOVEMENT OF STOCKS IS HALTED.

Average of Quoted Values in New York is Negligible, the Last Opening Fractionally Lower—Pennsylvania and San Francisco Securities Decline Precipitously.

(BY A. P. MOTT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, May 23.—Speculation lacked the vitality to carry further the upward movement of stocks yesterday and the effect of today's trading in the average of quoted values was negligible. The last opening fractionally lower and, although there was no pronounced reaction, stocks sagged generally during the forepart of the day. Subsequently the market moved upward slowly, reaching the early close in most cases. There was a renewed liquidation in some quarters of the day, but the movement, S. Louis and San Francisco securities declined precipitously. The first reported decline was in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which fell 1/4 point. This was followed by a general decline in the Pennsylvania group, with the common stock falling 1/2 point. The San Francisco market also showed a general decline, with the common stock of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company falling 1/4 point. The New York market was relatively quiet, with only a few stocks showing movement. The closing prices of the New York market were as follows:

New York Curb Stocks.

(Published by E. F. Riffe & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Street, New York.)

NEW YORK, May 23.—Bids were the feature of the curb market on the 23rd, with a general decline in the prices of most stocks. The market was relatively quiet, with only a few stocks showing movement. The closing prices of the New York curb market were as follows:

New York Stock Exchange.

(Published by E. F. Riffe & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Street, New York.)

NEW YORK, May 23.—(Exclusive to The Times.)

NEW YORK, May 23.—(Exclusive to The Times.)

LOS ANGELES TRUIMPHS.

Furnishes President for Executive of California Pharmaceutical Association.

(BY A. P. MOTT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN JOSE (Cal.) May 23.—The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the annual meeting of the California Pharmaceutical Association, held here today. President, Mrs. Fletcher Howard, Los Angeles; first vice-president, Mrs. B. E. Laughlin, San Jose; second vice-president, Mrs. R. H. Brown, Berkeley; third auditor, Mrs. A. J. Berderson, Santa Clara; Executive Committee, Mrs. C. B. Whilden, San Francisco; Mrs. G. H. P. Litchard, Sacramento; Mrs. J. G. Munson, San Francisco.

THE TIMES CIRCULATION FOR APRIL, 1918.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

I, Harry Chandler, Assistant General Manager of the Los Angeles Times, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the circulation of said newspaper for the month of April, 1918.

Table with 2 columns: Date, Circulation. Rows for April 1st through April 30th.

Oil Stock Quotations.

(Published by E. F. Riffe & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Street, New York.)

COPPER INDUSTRY.

(Published by E. F. Riffe & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Street, New York.)

SAN FRANCISCO CLOSING PRICES.

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Real Estate Directory.

Cheap Ocean Front Lands

In San Diego County. See Hays Land Co. 311-312 Citizens Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Citrus Lands, \$450-\$500

Alfalfa Lands, \$300 Acre. 22 Miles from Los Angeles. SAN FERNANDO MISSION LAND CO., 211-212 Central Bldg.

Los Angeles Harbor Property.

Business, residential, industrial lots, near deep water; easy terms; splendid investments; special car and boat excursions 50c. Secure Tickets F. P. NEWPORT CO., 208 Central Bldg.

LA FORTUNA FARMS

Cream of the "Lucky" Baldwin land. S. P. ROWLAND, With Aronson-Gale Co. 505 H. W. Hallman Bldg.

VISTA

Citrus, Olive, Walnut Lands, 5000 per acre and up. Free water delivered to each tract. TOWN LOTS, ideal home sites, 1000 up. Very easy terms. Perfect location and climate, soil and water conditions. VISTA LAND COMPANY, 503 Security Bldg.

Hundreds of Bungalow Plans \$500 a Set.

The Original Home Builders of Los Angeles, 418-420 Douglas Bldg. Cor. Third and Spring Sts.

A HOMESITE OF INDIVIDUALITY

L. D. LOOMIS CO. 421 Wright & Callender Bldg. Main 1676, Home 60599.

CONTINENTAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES FINANCED THROUGH THE CORPORATION. 1475 THIRD & HILL STS. LOS ANGELES. MAIN 771

Glendale Heights

Large lots among beautiful trees and brooks. Easy terms. Office, 828 Van Nuys Bldg. F6643.

FAIRVIEW FARMS.

Near Newport Harbor. MODERATE PRICES—EASY TERMS. Abundance of Cheap Water Delivered to Each Parcel. BRYAN & BRADFORD 201 Trust and Savings Bldg.

Buy Our Stock Now—25¢ Per Share

MONARCH INVESTMENT CO. 222-224 SECURITY BLDG.

FORMAL OPENING

"North Whittier Heights" Citrus Lands. Saturday, May 17. Inquire EDWIN G. HART, General Sales Agent, 915-917 Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles.

Real Estate Directory.

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classified Liners.

**Classified Liners.**

**Furnished Rooms.**

**SUMMER BATH.**  
**NEW HOTEL BROADWAY.**  
**BEDDING AND FIFTH ROOMS.**  
**OPPOSITE COURTHOUSE.**  
**125 N. BROADWAY.**  
**COOLEST HOUSE IN THE CITY."**

The Madison Hotel is a new masterpiece in service in all directions; all light and electricity cool and pleasant. Good modern furnishings: mahogany lobby; private rooms; elevators; hot water; private baths. In fact, every modern convenience obtainable. Rates \$10 to \$25 per week; with private bath \$25 to \$35 per week. Phone 10407, SUNSET BROADWAY.

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**Enfermedad Flat.**

\$17.50—\$17.50—\$17.50.  
 super and power fans, modern, clean  
 hot water heater, nice furniture;  
 no more; these are  
 south of 11st street. You can't  
 the price. Only a few more left.  
 RENTAL DEPARTMENT.  
 GEORGIA REALTY CORPORATION.  
 R. E. FARMER, President.  
 300 South Hill street.  
 Make room.

**LEASE—WELL FURNISHED 6-ROOM**  
flat with sleeping porch, near Blue  
Island, with surroundings and car service.  
and conveniences. Will make attractive and  
proper reference. **WILSHIRE 3-11**

**FURNISHED FLAT, 1719 NEW HAVEN**  
6 rooms, hardwood floors, 3 wall  
ovens throughout; garage; 8 blocks  
from downtown 19th and Washington  
avenue, near car. Key at 1704 New HAVEN  
avenue.

**NEW SUNNY EAST FRONT UPPER**

fire, sleeping porch, breakfast room  
 combined. \$20, adults. \$11 a.  
 1600 North Sixth st.

---

ROOM LOWER COTTAGE FLAT, GAS  
 furnace, electric lights, porcelain  
 and wall trays, water heater, 1916  
 in near Washington and Vermont are  
 paid.

---

CHAMBER APARTMENT, 3 large  
 bedrooms, central heat, gas, elec-  
 trics, with or without garage, very reason-  
 able.

---

WEST FOURTEENTH STREET,

STANT NEW 3-ROOM FLATS, FINE  
every convenience, up-to-date, rent  
water paid; no children. 1200  
near Washington.

High-class  
residence  
rent, \$50 up

VERY ELEGANT AND VERY MOD-  
ern flat, with every convenience, West  
1st. Corner 23rd and Normandie.

1. 3 ROOMS AND BATH, 3 DIS-  
honest, range, 1st floor, 49414  
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TO LET—  
and street,  
like atmosphere

AND LOWER SOUTH, HAND-

1822 ARAPAHOE, near Washington.

ROOMS FURNISHED, CENTRAL AVE.,  
JOHN O'NEIL & CO.,  
TEL. 1-1111. 815 Lexington Bldg.

THE EXPOSURE FLAT IN DOUBLES  
to Ross Nursery; 3 rooms and bath.  
Furnishing beds; separate yard, \$18.  
SEE AGENCY

CLYDE MODERN 5-ROOM UPPER  
FURNISHED, close in. 718 KEN-  
NELMAN BLVD. ANGLETON BLDG.

TO LET—  
Two and  
three rooms  
furnished  
from Westlake  
apartments  
with view  
of city  
or 7th St.  
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TO LET—  
2-room and  
bath  
close in  
SEE AGENCY

**BEAUTIFUL 4-ROOM FLAT IN**  
FAMILY HOME, 2nd floor, built in  
1921. 212 morning. **TO LET—**

**NEW 4-ROOM FLAT, WALL**  
paper, 6 car lines, 15 minutes from  
downtown. \$29. 3012 S. OLIVE ST.

**BEST CHOICE OFFER AND LOW-**  
est. Now with built-in features.  
E. Telephone West 4757.

**IN SUNNY 3-ROOM FLAT, GAS,**  
stove, sleeping porch, all modern  
equipment. \$40.50. W. SIXTH ST.

**FAMILY HOME**  
Three—Three  
**TO LET—**

**EVERY APARTMENT**  
Modern  
Furnish and  
Equip. including  
refrigerator  
**TO LET—PORT-**  
land City  
\$12  
"Salem"  
"Salem"

1515 TRENTON ST. NEAR PHO-  
nodon, on-to-date; walking dis-  
m this. PHONE 10126, MAIN 126,  
ROOM FINE AND BATH, NEWLY  
Caravana car, get off at Avenue  
A. Call at 291 N. AVENUE 20  
FINISHED, NEW 3 AND 4 ROOM  
baths, high ground, walking dis-  
1561 W. FOURTH ST.  
HOME UPPER 4-ROOM BATH  
bathing beds, screen porch. 1584  
20033

MODERN 2-BROOM FLAT:  
Close in. 1225 & W. 17TH ST.  
FLAT, CLOSE IN. 320 PER-  
MOUNT FURNITURE CO. 330 E.  
17TH ST.  
MODERN, NICE CLEAN BATH  
3-in. effects. Call discarding  
near Heights. Phone W. 4017.  
2-BROOM FLAT, 2 WALL  
2nd. 401 LOCAL AVE.  
MODERN UPPER NORTH FLAT:  
R. R. HOPE.  
338 units, modern  
baths, reduced to  
come out and see  
WILKINSON HIA.  
TO LET—  
Nasty furnished  
if takes at low  
price. Walking  
TO LET—GOLD  
Dorothy at  
double apartment

**LAKE DISTRICT: FINE UP-TO-POOMA. 1030 PARK VIEW ST.**

**2-BROOM FLAT, \$12. 344 W.**

**Unfurnished Flats.**

**RICHLY FURNISHED 2-BROOM**  
View of city, hardwood floors,  
OWNER'S OWN HOME. \$20 per  
month and 2-room flat.

Mr. Rentals and Leases.  
AK INVESTMENT CO.,  
4 Barings Bldg. 12th St. 12th St.

PLATS OF 4 ROOMS AND  
bath, built to order, modern  
and disappearing beds, painted  
walls, all new, sweet and  
WARD BLVD. Finest location  
16th st. ap. Conference re-

W. 12TH ST. THIRD ROOM  
rooms, modern, 12th St.

TO LET - SUITE  
Mimosa street  
apartments with  
fine location. W  
Pine and 6th st.  
and walk one block

TO LET - THE LO  
st. Get our  
st. private bath  
10 months, 100  
1st and 6th st. Lo  
MAIN 1000.

1000 PARADISE AVE. South  
 L.A.T. PLANT LIGHT and  
 closets, new and clean;  
 of Main. 123 W. PICO.

**3-ROOM UPPER COTTAGE**  
 Suitable home; adults only.  
 \$7.50. Water paid. Own-  
 ers.

**BRICK NEW MODERN SUN-**  
 1414 1/2 WRIGHT ST. 3  
 1/2 block north 18th.

**TWENTY-FIRST STREET,**  
 near East, whole upper floor  
 entirely modern, exceedingly  
 well built.

**MONROE APARTS**  
 Phone 3680; 3681

**TO LET—**  
 EDGES  
 1825  
 Main 1118

**TO LET—**  
 STRAY  
 1825  
 Main 1118

**LET-ONE HOOD**  
New and most  
best, outside  
corner  
\$25 up. 2032 W.

**TO LET-ONE HOOD**  
New and most  
best, outside  
corner  
\$25 up. 2032 W.

**TO LET-MARKING**  
New and most  
best, outside  
corner  
\$25 up. 2032 W.

**FL PLACE.** Take Mowata  
closets, 9 lockers, CLOSE  
lawn.  
**CELL FURNISHED.** Mop-  
ped, garage, lawn cared for  
down west of Figueroa.  
1960.  
**F. FLETCHER LIGHT AND**  
closets, new wood and glass.  
Main. 123 West PICO.  
**BUNGALOW FLAT-**  
rooms to children  
kind or witness help,  
Figueroa. \$1800.  
**TO LET—GENEVA A**  
First-class, 2 p-  
Mrs. Annie Curtis.  
**TO LET—SEATTLE**  
furnished class and  
Private bath, 10 m  
cent. 612 W. 4TH  
carpet.  
**TO LET—**

FURNISHED 4 COTTAGE.  
 from late high ground.  
 With 2000.  
 4-ROOM FLAT.  
 Furnished, wash-  
 FLAT, corner 6th and  
 DOM FURNISHED FLAT.  
 nice, reasonable in right  
 P.L.E. or phone Main 2141.  
 4-ROOM WELL FUR-  
 nished

Phone 2844. With  
 apartments, each with  
 \$15 and \$20. China

TO LET—WENTLAND  
 2nd—Large 4-room  
 Address: 1st 137.  
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 2nd; 1st 137.  
 2nd. Call 7th to  
 300 LINCOLN AVE.  
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**3-BEDROOM FLAT WATER**  
CLAY, Sunset Blvd. and  
COMPLETELY FURNISHED  
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Furnished**  
FURNISHED APART-  
ment and cold water.  
Call 1-800-333-3333

1700 GRUFFIN  
 apt. 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 91



**FOR SALE—**

[illegible]



SATURDAY MORNING.

**Assigned Liners.**

[illegible]



**MASSAGE—**  
and Other Baths.

[illegible]







# The Los Angeles Times

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1913.

POPULATION: 1,100,000 (By the Federal Census (1910)—1,110,000 By the City Directory (1912)—1,110,000)

## N. B. Blackstone Co.

### Neckwear Novelties 50c

In all this mass of late Neck-fixings this one line of novelties at 50c stands out most prominently. Epaulettes Collars of Voile, Crepe, Silk or Marquisette. Some have the new lace plaiting, or plaiting of the material; others are embroidered in the strong Balloons colors or edged with chumy. Many of the silk ones are printed in a variety of colors. Dozens to pick from.

And a line at 85c is most attractive. Some here are embroidered in bright colors and edged with colored Voile lace, showing the latest epaulette effect. You will like them immensely, 85c.

### Seasonable Union Suits

\$1.00 and \$1.25—Merode

Underwear answers all requirements; fit, finish, fabric, texture, service, comfort and price. Fine Cotton Union Suits in high or low neck, long or short sleeves, knee or ankle length, \$1.00. Union Suits of pure linen or extra selected cotton in all the popular styles, including Dutch neck and elbow sleeves and lace or cuff finished knee, \$1.25.

### White Blouse Dresses

For Little Tots—1/4 Less

Bring the little folks in today and choose a half dozen of these pretty little Dresses while you can save 25 per cent.

Lawn, and India Linon Dresses, beautifully made and trimmed with lace, embroidery or fine tucks. They are musued a little from showing, otherwise perfect. \$1.00 to \$3.75 values all one-fourth less. Sizes 2 to 4 years.

### Right Good Silk Hose

Seventy-five Cents Pair

We have Silk Stockings of course, at every price, from 10c to \$5.00 a pair. But we want to call your attention to this popular priced line, it's worthy investigation. Made of pure thread silk, with deep garter top, sole, heel and toe of good, serviceable lile thread. All in all it's a stocking of unusual merit at the price. Black only. 7c pair.

### Middies are in Season

And Fashion can suggest nothing more popular than the Middy Blouse. Here they are of White Galatea and Navy, fancy striped seersucker and khaki. Plain or fancy collars, emblems, etc.

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25.

318-320-322 South Broadway

## Spring Clearance Pianos and Players



Used Pianos \$1.00 a Week  
New Pianos \$1.50 a Week  
Used Players \$2.00 a Week

Nearly 150 instruments to select from, every one of them a real bargain. We are closing out all manufacturers' samples and all discontinued styles in new instruments. Special prices also are in force on scores of used Uprights and Players, all in guaranteed condition, some of them having been used only a few months.

Reasons Why Our Prices on Used Pianos Are Lowest—

Being Steinway Agents and selling Steinways at New York prices, we are not in a position to make big allowances on pianos taken in exchange on the purchase of new Steinways. In fact, in Steinway sales we allow on exchange pianos only about one-third to one-half of what most dealers usually allow on used instruments taken in exchange on their agency lines.

As dealers usually price such used pianos at what they have allowed on them, you must see how much cheaper it is to buy a used piano at The Birkel Company than elsewhere.

### Some of the Players

No room here for an extended list, but the few Player bargains mentioned will give you an idea of what to expect. Remember, these are in guaranteed condition.

BOUDOIR PLAYER.....	\$300.00
EMERSON ANGELUS.....	\$350.00
BRINKERHOFF.....	\$350.00
LAFFARGUE.....	\$350.00
R. S. HOWARD.....	\$425.00
CECILIAN PLAYER.....	\$500.00
KURTZMANN PLAYER.....	\$575.00
BOHMER-CECILIAN.....	\$600.00

"Where Made Well and Quality Dwell."

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

446-448 So. Broadway

## SNORE? NEVER! ONLY THINKING.

Millionaire Peck Denies He Was Sleepy Juror.

But Rial's Lawyers Say He Snoozed; Ask Retrial.

Appellate Court May Have to Rule on "Cat-Naps."

What one side avers was a snoreful sleep on the part of a juror, and the other alleges was but his customary manifestation of close thought and attention will decide the fate of Lee Rial, convicted confidence man, so far as a new trial is concerned. George H. Peck, millionaire real estate man of San Pedro, is the juror who was supposed to have dozed while eloquent lawyers were thundering diatribes and witnesses were telling how they were seduced by the "band of wolves" of which Rial, according to the State, was the head.

"Funny thing, isn't it?" inquired Peck yesterday, after puffing up the steep flight of stairs leading to De-

## SOUTH NOT TO SHARE IN PANAMA-PACIFIC FAIR?

INDIGNANT at what they consider superciliousness on the part of the San Francisco exposition management, the Supervisors of this county are planning a campaign to hire a building in San Francisco in 1915 and give a free exhibit of the products of Southern California, independent of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A meeting of the Southern California Exposition Commission has been called for 11 o'clock a.m. Thursday in the Chamber of Commerce. According to Supervisor Butler, who returned yesterday from the State Supervisory convention, it is more than probable that Southern California counties will not take part in the big fair, but will engage Secretary Frank Higgins of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to run an opposition exposition, as it were, of the diversified products of the soil of this section of the State.

The attitude of the exposition management was extremely provoking to Frithman, Hinchey, Norton and myself, said Butler. "They intend to erect a State building out of the \$5,000,000 raised by the taxpayers and of which Los Angeles county alone contributed one-quarter. Of the \$5,000,000 to be raised by tax-

## WUXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT ME!

Councilman-Candidate Reed Buys Seven Newspapers.

Each of 'Em Has His Picture and Piece About Him.

Trombone's Reported Turning Green With Sheer Envy!

Apparently realizing the "power of the press," Councilman Haines W. Reed has bought a controlling interest in a chain of seven suburban weekly newspapers, and will proceed, it is reported at the City Hall, to reform the city on the installment plan.

HERE Y'AR! TWO SUBURBAN ADVERTISERS OBSERV'G ENTERPRISE, INTERVIEW AN' DE CHRONIC— HERE Y'AR!



WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT REFORMING?



ALSO—EDITS AND PRINTS

"Haines W. Reed, journalist and Councilman."

That's what the city directory says about him. He has justified it by the purchase of seven newspapers—or a controlling interest in them. Each of the current issues carries a picture of him and articles setting forth his qualifications for the job of Councilman.

that is by districts. Some of the departments of the defunct Municipal News have been reincarnated in the "publications" of the syndicate carried in the current issue a picture of Reed and a bid for votes.

These are the names of the reformer's seven sheets, which "cover the city like a blanket": Central Avenue Suburban, Southwest Advertiser, Main-Monster Observer, Northwest Enterprise, Boyle Heights Suburban, East Side Interview and West Side Tribune-Chronicle.

This latest enterprise of the young obstructionist is entirely in line with his policy as given in the city directory; i.e., "journalist and member of the City Council." His active interest in journalism, it is said, dates back several years ago, when he was a police reporter on a local daily for a short time and used a \$5000 motor car to gather the news.

All of the papers, with one exception, are distributed to the eager populace free of charge. The Northwest Enterprise is the only one of the seven to which a subscription price attaches. Reed's publication office is at No. 213 East Fourth street.

These are epigrams from the "piece" which each paper prints about Reed as a candidate for Council.

"He has not been content to sit idly in his seat as a Councilman and perform the formal duties of his position in a careless and perfunctory manner."

Reed is one of the few men who is in public service purely for the reason that he believes that he can benefit his fellowmen.

As a college man and a trained student of civic matters, he is particularly qualified to render effective service.

The newspapers, which have now become the mouthpieces of Reed, were published eight years ago by J. C. Fullerton, who came here from Toronto. He incorporated a company for \$5000. Later he sold a controlling interest to J. S. Hadden and C. H. Randall. Sherrill Osborne bought a controlling interest in the stock five years ago and became manager. The capital stock of the company was increased to \$20,000 recently.

The report that Reed had become the owner of seven newspapers caused considerable comment at the City Hall in view of the fact that he introduced a resolution in the Council a month ago proposing to require candidates to city offices to limit their campaign expenses to a small percentage of the salary of the office desired. This resolution was referred to the Public Welfare Committee. It is said that a favorable report will be made on it.

Brownson House Foto.

## THIS THE GREAT DAY FOR A NOBLE CAUSE.

SEVERAL weeks of planning and preparations will come to a brilliant climax today when 200 of the city's fairest society girls will participate in a May fete and carnival at the famous old Workman homestead on Boyle Heights. The purpose is to raise a few thousand dollars toward the \$25,000 needed for new buildings by the Brownson House Settlement.

The Workman grounds have been converted into a fairland, and at night will be lighted by thousands of small electric lights strung through the trees. Society girls will have charge of the booths, the midway attractions and the money-raising devices.

At the opening of both the afternoon and evening sessions there will be a grand pageant around the grounds, in which all participants in the affair will march. Each will wear a costume distinctive of the attraction with which she is connected. In

front of each attraction will stand a girl with megaphones telling of the delights within.

Another special feature included in the general admission fee will be the Maypole dance to be given by youngsters drilled by the Y.W.C.A. Kammerer's Band, secured through the courtesy of Allan Hancock, will play throughout.

There will be a continuous performance of society vaudeville, in which amateur stars will take part. There will be a complete midway with a few lady, Mulebricacas; a booth called "Just for Ducks"; a fish pond, where of fortune and fortune tellers, punch-and-judy show, motion pictures and many others. Ice cream will be sold by maidens fair, there will be an oriental tea garden, with society gals in attendance, a lemonade well and the popcorn will be picked ready popped from popcorn trees. For the kiddies there will be Shetland ponies to ride and other amusements.







**Typical of the New Idea in Campaigning.**  
Afternoon and Evening in Behalf of Municipal Conference Candidates, With Porch Party at Home  
Mrs. Banning—Great Truths of the Higher Civic Standard Find Expression.

Ladies in Charge.  
The great truths of civic decency, efficiency and honesty, which were the keynote of the afternoon and evening campaign, were carried to the homes of the candidates in the history of the city. They were carried to the homes of the candidates in the history of the city. They were carried to the homes of the candidates in the history of the city.

**URGENT THIS WORD.**  
The speaker, Mrs. Banning, told the women of the city that the most efficient way to run a city is to have a municipal conference. She said that the most efficient way to run a city is to have a municipal conference. She said that the most efficient way to run a city is to have a municipal conference.

**WHEN HOLD THE KEY.**  
Mrs. Banning concluded the afternoon session with an interesting talk on the importance of the women's vote. She said that the women's vote is the key to the city. She said that the women's vote is the key to the city.

**NEW MEN'S STRAWS**  
at \$2, \$3 and \$4  
New models in Hats with soft flexible brims or Sailors. Finely woven Splits or Semits. You will find your ideal Hat in the lot.

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**Live Years Longer!**  
Drink  
**White Rock Water**  
Delicious, Quenches Thirst in Little—WHITE ROCK is the most completely satisfying drink on earth.  
H. JEVNE CO.  
Local Wholesale Distributors

**No investment in the world is safer or more conservative than Los Angeles city or county real estate.**  
For the best and biggest list—many offered under price—read the "For Sale" or "For Exchange" real estate columns of The Times classified section.—[Advertisement.]

**DEALS OUT JUSTICE.**  
Punishment Meted to Hardened Offender, While Amateur Is Given Chance to Reform.  
Two fictitious check cases came before Judge Willis yesterday. In one he granted probation, but in the other he sentenced the smooth-tongued defendant to five years in the penitentiary.

**ROAD OVERSEER'S ENEMIES DISMISSED WITH ONE ATTACK.**  
The grand jury will probably consider charges growing out of the fight to oust William Erwin, road overseer, from his position some time ago. At the hearing before the Board of Supervisors, there were witnesses who said that the Soledad district was neglected, that Erwin overcharged the county and that he worked as a deputy assessor while drawing pay as overseer. The Supervisors excoriated Erwin on each charge.

**REPORTS AT MUNICIPAL CONFERENCE HEADQUARTERS INDICATE THAT AT THIS TIME, AS USUAL IN CAMPAIGNS, A NUMBER OF CITIZENS ARE CONFUSED AS TO REGISTRATION.**  
Several inquiries have come from voters who believe it necessary to have registered specially for the coming municipal election. This is not the case. Any voter who has registered since the first of January, 1912, and has not since changed his precinct, is entitled to vote. Those who have changed precincts and have had their registration corrected accordingly can also vote.

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**VILLE DE PARIS**  
317-325 312-322  
30 BROADWAY 30 HILL STREET  
A. FUSENOT CO.  
**Specials in Toilet Requisites For Saturday Shoppers**  
D'Orsay's Perfumed Toilet Soap—In Eau de Cologne, Lavender, Orchidee, Citronnelle and Vervine. Special, box of 3 cakes, 50c.  
D'Orsay's Quinine Shampoo. Special, 4 for 25c.  
1-pound Bottle Best Peroxide. Special, at 17c.  
1/2-pound bottle. Special, at 10c.  
Art Gum for cleaning various articles. Special, per cake, 7c.  
Sea Foam Soap. Special, 8 cakes for 25c.  
Hair Brushes—with solid wood backs and good bristles. Special, at 75c.

**Travelers' Roll-ups**  
Our stock is very complete, and we show a splendid line in leather, cretonne and silk. Ask to see them.  
The "Ville" has the exclusive agency for D'Orsay's complete line of French perfumes and toilet preparations.

**McCallum SILK HOSIERY**  
SOLD BY THE "VILLE"  
If you have never worn the celebrated McCallum Silk Hosiery—you do not know the silk stockings that you can rely upon to wear as well as they look. They are made from the best quality pure thread silk, and worn by smart dressers. Ask to see the following styles.

**Extra Special In Guaranteed Parasols \$2.00**  
In Taffeta or Messaline  
Do you realize what this offer means—a parasol guaranteed to give satisfactory wear—or another in its place. 3-rib, gilt frame parasols, with hardwood handles. Shown in a most beautiful and extensive assortment of wanted colors, including: American Beauty, apple green, cardinal, purple, taupe, navy, light blue, pink, salmon, black, white and pretty changeable effects.

**I CURE PILES**  
FISTULA, ALL RECTAL DISEASES WITHOUT OPERATION  
WELL KNOWN SANTA MONICA MINISTER CURED.  
This is to certify that Dr. C. H. White has cured me of a distressing hemorrhoidal ailment of 25 years' duration. His method of treatment is effective, but not severe. He has the appliances, the knowledge and the skill, born of many years of specializing in this fruitful source of physical diseases. He accomplishes all he claims in his advertising and at reasonable expense. I take pleasure in heartily commending the man and his methods.  
WESLEY K. BEAMS, Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church, Santa Monica, Cal. March 15, 1913.

**Yosemite Valley**  
Run away to this bit of paradise and Live...  
The Santa Fe is operating through sleeper daily, Maroon—making quick connection for the Valley.  
Phone Santa Fe City Office day or night for information.  
324 So. Spring St.  
Phone 66517—Main 728.  
The Big Trees are nearby, too—  
via Santa Fe

# —\$20 buys a mighty fine suit at Desmond's today



This is a special big value offering for men who want to wear Shepherd Plaid, Homespun, Cheviot, fancy Worsted or Blue Serge this summer. Every garment in this lot is strictly hand-tailored—and that means excellent finishing and linings throughout. There are conservative and English models in all sizes for regulars, stout and slim—extra fine values for today at \$20.00.

**Special—Suits at \$15.00**  
At this price you will find a wonderfully fine assortment of Suits in Cassimeres, Cheviots, fancy Worsted and Blue Serge—English Norfolk and conservative styles for men and young men. Every Suit handsomely tailored, fashionably cut—unusual values at \$15.

**About 250 Suits \$10.00**  
Many of these Garments are reduced from \$12.50—for special selling today, at \$10.00. These garments are for men and young men in two and three-button sack Suit styles and two-piece Norfolk Suits. They comprise Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsted and Serge in light and dark colors—all splendidly tailored. All sizes will be found in the lot, but not all sizes in each lot. These are very special values for today, at \$10.00.

**Boys' Norfolk Suits \$7.50**  
Knickerbocker Pants—6 to 17 Years

Unusually high-grade Suits in Cassimeres, Cheviot and Blue Serge. Up-to-date Norfolk styles with knee pants. There's nothing in town like these garments at the price.

**Special—Boys' Norfolk Suits, 2 Pairs of Pants at \$5.00 and \$6.00**

A special lot of Boys' Norfolk Suits with two pairs of Knickerbockers in Cassimeres and Cheviots. These double-life Suits come in sizes 6 to 17 years and are unusual values at \$5.00 and \$6.00.

**Boys' Wash Suits—\$1.50, \$2, \$2.50**  
Smart Suits in Percale and Galatee, guaranteed fast colors. Russian Sailor styles, 2 1/2 to 7 years. Blouse styles, 5 to 10 years. Finer grades in Russian Sailor Suits at \$3.50 and \$5.

**Kiddies' Half Hose, all colors . . . . .25c**  
**Children's Not-a-scent guaranteed Hose . . . . .25c**  
**Children's Straw Hats, new shapes . . . . .50c to \$2.00**  
**Boys' Khaki Knicker Pants . . . . .\$1.25**  
**Boys' White Duck Knicker Pants . . . . .\$1.00**

**A Splendid Offering of New Neckwear at 50c**  
These are Four-in-Hand Ties in all the newest styles and silks. In the lot are plain and fancy colors together with many of the popular Bulgarian shades. Specially priced for today, at 50c.  
**Shirts at \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50**  
Shirts in Soisette, in Silk and in Linen mixed. Made with double French cuffs and collars to match. Such wanted colors as plain tan, white and gray, together with fancy stripes and figures—unusual values at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

**Desmond's**  
THIRD ST. AT SPRING

## In Our Big Hat Department

There is no place in Western America where you can be "Hatted" as satisfactorily as here. A thousand styles at every price, await your inspection.

**New Men's Straws at \$2, \$3 and \$4**

New models in Hats with soft flexible brims or Sailors. Finely woven Splits or Semits. You will find your ideal Hat in the lot.

- Dunlap Straws at \$5
- Genuine Monte Cristo Panamas \$5, \$6, \$8
- Finer Grades \$10 to \$30
- Bangkok Straws at \$6 to \$10—fine values

**New Felts at \$2.50, \$3 & \$4**

We have just received a large shipment of new Felt Hats, to sell at these prices, in seasonable shades of gray and tan—also the popular Champagne color. See them today.

—Dunlap Felts at \$5



## THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

S. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER, Asst. Gen. Mgr. and Treas.  
HARRY E. ANDERSON, Managing Editor.  
S. E. FRANKFURTER, Assistant Treasurer.  
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## Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.  
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LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahng-hay-las)

Entered as Second-Class Matter of Class B.  
Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.00 per Year.

## TAKES TOO MUCH.

The superintendent of the Pittsburgh schools says of one of his stenographers that he kissed her and dismissed her. His conduct is a deplorable lack of tact.

## HAPPY GERMAN.

Every hotel in the city of Berlin is filled to overflowing. Americans are there by the thousands and are buying the best accommodations in the empire. An affair cannot be so regal that it does not pay to advertise.

## NEGATIVE VIRTUE.

Many persons are worth while in spite of very serious faults. California is great in spite of its political maladministration. The people of the state can throw off Johnnies as easily and as profitably as the people of Los Angeles have discarded Earl.

## DIFFERENT KINDS.

The people who suffer the most from monetary are the ones who hold a settled condition in the greatest dread. It is just as bad to be permanently on the jump as it is to be always quiet. There is no advantage in being perpetually unsettled.

## FOOD FOR THE GODS.

Perhaps it is only food for the angels, since we are writing about Imperial Valley cherries, and Los Angeles people are lucky enough to get the crop. The cherries from the American Valley of the Nile are excellent this year. They have all the flavor of the northern and are larger and blacker, bringing a better retail price than the fruit from the Sacramento Valley.

## LAVELY PROGRAMME.

A commission has been organized to work up a series of celebrations in California cities so that something unusual in entertainment will be going on all of the time. Every railroad in the United States is pledged to advertise these events all over America. It will give the tourists an excuse to come to some California city and once here they will see all the State. The tourists are coming anyway in large numbers, but if there is any method to lure them any faster it should be put to work at once.

## THE REVOLT OF CHIN SCRAPERS.

Five thousand barbers are on strike in Brooklyn and the eastern part of Manhattan Island. When a barber strikes he quits work then and there. He leaves the customer in the chair lathered but not shaven, or with the hair cut on only one side of his head.

The peculiarity of the strike is that nobody, not even the barbers themselves, knows what it is about. The unions ordered the strike. It was at first thought that the strike was a sympathetic one in behalf of the garment workers, but later advice indicates that the strike was planned to secure a report from this commissioner on the safety of any new concern or of any old one. If you have been stung the only outlet is to file complaint with the commissioner and if he thinks your case is worth while he can investigate the case. In that event he may be good enough to advise you not to bite again and perhaps he will tell others about it. California seems willing to try anything once, and perhaps the people will at least get enough experience out of the present law to determine what kind of law they really do want.

## BLUE SKY LAW.

It develops that while nobody can issue stock in any new concern without first consulting the newly-created office of the corporation commissioner, there is no way by which immediate action on such applications can be enforced. Neither is it possible to secure a report from this commissioner on the safety of any new concern or of any old one. If you have been stung the only outlet is to file complaint with the commissioner and if he thinks your case is worth while he can investigate the case. In that event he may be good enough to advise you not to bite again and perhaps he will tell others about it. California seems willing to try anything once, and perhaps the people will at least get enough experience out of the present law to determine what kind of law they really do want.

## WHAT IS RAW MATERIAL?

It is urged in behalf of the Wilson-Underwood bill that the woolen manufacturers will be compensated for the reduction of the duty on woolen goods by being accorded free raw material—wool; that the leather manufacturers will be compensated with free hides, the manufacturers of tube and pails with free lumber, and the manufacturers of syrups and candies and preserves of fruit with free sugar. It is claimed that free raw material will enable the manufacturer to cope with goods made by the cheaper labor of Europe.

But where do the laborers who supply the so-called "raw" material come in? How is it with the sheep herder, the lumber jack, and the workers in the orchards, the sugar fields and the cane fields? What is the "raw" material when it is the cost of a bleeding sheep? Not so, for somebody was getting \$30 a month and found to act as purveyor and guardian for the wool-growing animal. Were your shoes raw material when they were galloping about on the back of a steer? Not so, for the cowboy who superintended the travels of the steer was paid well to swing his rials. Was the ore from which the steel of your hammer was smelted raw material? Not so, for men were paid wages to excavate and haul it? Were the logs from which the lumber of your home was made raw material? Not so, for the woodman who wielded the axe and the teamster who guided the man that hauled the log to the mill were paid workmen.

There is nothing extant from a pocket knife to a 10,000-ton steamer, from a spool of thread to a skyscraper, that is not the product of human labor, and the words "raw material" are, in the last analysis, terms that mean nothing.

## JAPAN—GRAVE POSSIBILITY.

An army officer, whose opinions are entitled to high consideration, fears that the Webb law may plunge the United States into a war with Japan. He writes to The Times as follows:

"It would be a war that, regardless of the ignorant opinions of most Americans, would cost us not only our island possessions, Alaska, Hawaii, the Panama Canal, but also (and here I am not dreaming) California, Washington and Oregon, with little or no chance of getting them back.

"This will sound foolish to you, no doubt, as it did to me until recently; but all of our highest military authorities are agreed that, without question, Japan could land at least 200,000 trained soldiers on this coast within three weeks of a declaration of war, and with no army to speak of, we could not repel the invasion—though, of course, the people who know nothing of the complicated science of modern warfare, and still dreaming of past victories, are full of conceit and bursting with the valor of their ignorance.

"Our navy is safely bottled up in the Atlantic Ocean and could not get around Cape Horn or through the unfinished canal before that big ditch was in the hands of the enemy.

"WE HAVE NO ARMY. There are only 30,000 effective regulars and 154,000 half-trained militia scattered all over this big country. We could not mobilize our mixed regulars and militia on this west coast and get them into shape inside of three months, and by that time we would have half a million Japanese to fight right here in California. For within six weeks after the landing of the first 200,000 trained regulars the Japanese could easily land an army of even greater size, so in Japan today there are more than a million trained men ready and anxious to take the field against us.

"You doubtless have heard talk that Japan is 'too poor to fight America.' Dismiss that from your mind. Japan is keeping up at enormous expense a modern navy and a wonderful army for the express purpose of gaining control of the Pacific and acquiring territory needed for expansion. With our unprotected possessions and our west coast in her hands, Japan would not be poor, but one of the richest countries on the globe, and available credit practically unlimited.

"President Wilson realizes this, and, like all our War Department officials, is aware that Japan is merely seeking an excuse to go to war while we are helpless and unprepared. If you have any doubts on the subject get a copy of 'The Valor of Ignorance,' (by the late Gen. Homer Lea.) Somebody ought to start a campaign to wake our people up before it is too late.

"Several of the people here have written to me in Washington urging the necessity of getting the army enlarged AT ONCE by immediate enlistment of men enough to make every company a battalion. All attempts to increase the army have met with active opposition from ignorant and designing politicians, and we have little hope that anything will be done. But believing that we should all do something in the interim of the country, I am writing to you with the idea that maybe you could start something.

"Some of the papers contain lots of misleading statements about our navy being all ready to start (God knows where!) and say that 'the canal will soon be finished.' So it will, but it has not in time to help us any. And the Japanese people are literally crazy to fight us.

"All of these things I know to be facts, and it is my belief that there will be hell popping soon.

"I expect to meet you on the firing line here in California.

"If you can do anything to arouse these ignorant people from their dreams, do it. I am sure you will.

The Times does not wholly endorse the apprehensions of the writer of the foregoing letter, neither is it prepared to say that these apprehensions are altogether unfounded.

That with our navy three months away from this coast and only 30,000 effective regulars, we would be for a time absolutely at the mercy of Japan, with her numerous and well-equipped warships but twelve days' sail from our coast and her 200,000 trained soldiers equipped with modern rifles, is a truth that no blind, zealous belief in the patriotism and prowess of our people can disguise.

It is true that our railroads could in a few weeks transport half a million volunteers to this coast and our arsenals could equip them. But they would have to go into camps in the interior for training, and it would take certainly weeks, and probably months, of arduous instruction to attain a degree of efficiency that would enable them to cope on terms of anything like equality with the veteran troops of the Mikado.

In the meantime irreparable mischief might be done. A Japanese fleet could, without entering the Golden Gate, using modern long-range guns from a point ten miles west of the ocean shore, throw upon San Francisco, in a few hours, enough immense dynamite shells to reduce that city to a mass of ruins as complete as she saw once before. The same destruction might be visited upon Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and San Diego, and from the Bay of San Monica, Los Angeles could be similarly destroyed—all before our feet, now in Atlantic waters, could round Cape Horn. That the Panama Canal would be destroyed is not believable, for the great maritime powers of Europe would unite in neutralizing and protecting it.

The Philippines and Hawaii would be taken. But The Times does not believe that California, or Oregon, or Washington could be captured, except on the seacoast, or that even the seacoast cities could be held permanently.

The danger is in the immediate disaster, not in the ultimate result; for in the outcome we would wipe Japan from the map. But at the outset of the war we would lose tens of thousands of lives and hundreds, if not thousands, of millions of dollars, and our national progress would be paralyzed for many years.

It should not be forgotten that we are dealing in this matter not with an Arabian civilization, but with an Aryan power, which has within a few years acquired all the improvements and inventions of European and American nations, without accepting any of their policies and practices, and whose soldiers and sailors are fanatics.

The Japanese are adroit and secretive, cunning in counsel and prompt and brave

## Coming Down.



in action. They are exceedingly prompt. Their course in the war with Russia, where they began hostilities before war was declared, indicates what possibilities are thundering at our doors.

It is not possible that Japan really seeks a right to have her subjects made into American citizens. It is not probable that she really cares to have them vested with the right to purchase any considerable quantity of California land. But it is very probable that the passage of the Webb anti-alien land bill (for which we are indebted to Gov. Johnson and his fool Legislature) may be seized upon by her as a pretext to inaugurate a conflict upon the ground that her national honor is offended.

If she means war she will cable the strongest assurances of her pretensions to peace and amity, until her fleet, conveying ships carrying her army, shall be within a week's sail of our shores.

The Times is no alarmist, but it would be unkind of the conditions which menace, and disregard of the interests of our country, if it failed to urge upon the national administration the imperative duty of quelling the strength of our army, and hastening our navy into Pacific waters.

Let it be remembered that "THE BEST SECURITY FOR PEACE IS THE MOST TREMENDOUS PREPARATION FOR WAR."

Ware hawks!

## HAYWOOD'S EFFRONTERY.

Because the authorities of Paterson, N. J., did not on May 15 interfere with flagrant abuse of the constitutional rights of free speech, Haywood and the other leaders of the I.W.W. unions stand revealed as anarchists more clearly than before.

The meeting of the "No God, No Master" organization was called to protest against the conviction by a jury of Patrick Quinn, one of the I.W.W. leaders, on the charge that he made speeches inciting to riot.

Announcement was made of the purpose to tie up all the means of transportation in Paterson and to deprive the city of light during at least two nights. All the foul names of which evil minds could think were applied to the guardians of the peace; and demand for a six-hour working day was frantically proclaimed, and then this climax of confusion of anarchism was reached:

"We will show the world that the Industrial Workers of the World is greater than the courts of New Jersey, greater than the Supreme Court of the United States."

It was "Big Bill" Haywood who said that—the man who, since he was acquitted (by the help of Clarence Darrow and his peculiar methods of defense) of the charge that he was implicated in the murder of Gov. Steunenberg of Idaho, is not known to have done a single honest day's work.

Never in any country was intent to destroy government and create anarchy in its place more brazenly proclaimed.

Haywood, Quinn, Eitzen, Giovanniotti, Treves, Miss Flynn—these and others associated with them in the leadership of the lawless horde which they have been able to assemble—are by their activities outlawed. Hence the petition by the citizens of Paterson that, under the law, these self-proclaimed anarchists be deported from New Jersey. They have no visible means of support. They are not known to have permanent residence. They go from place to place inciting mobs to disorder, violence and bloodshed. Their avowed purpose is to wreck industries and then seize them. Their object is to produce chaos. They have no object in common with decent labor leaders who are striving for peaceful and legal means to secure higher wages and, where needed, better working conditions. They advocate "direct action," which is the term that they apply to all possible kinds of violence, outrage, destruction of property and murder.

Note should be made of the fact that Haywood's declaration that the I.W.W. is greater than the courts is only a brutal paraphrase of the declaration by T. Roosevelt for the recall of judges and of judicial decisions.

Thus, Haywood, the Socialist-anarchist, has unintentionally rendered to the American people the service of presenting to their view the doctrine of the application

of the recall to the courts, stripped of all confusing verbiage, naked, hideous. It is the same anarchist doctrine, whether it is uttered in cunning phraseology or in an enjoining of high respectability or without circumlocution by an avowed enemy of law and order. It is to be hoped that its respectable, though thoughtless and mistaken, advocates will now see its danger and no longer travel in company with Haywood and his I.W.W. gang of anarchists.

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## THE VERSATILE PARSON.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

Of course this is the age of the specialist. If you are a lawyer you specialize in one branch of law. If you are a doctor you specialize in one complaint—preferably neurasthenia—if you like high society. If you are an artist you specialize in one subject—preferably society portraits—unless you like a simple diet.

But there are still three professions in the world that call for good old-fashioned versatility—the parson, the wife and the husband. No beautiful specialists to make life simple for these three. They are required to be thoroughly efficient in many and various ways, or their failure will be sad and ignominious.

With the Episcopalians in convalesce the parson is a timely subject. Bless his heart! When one appreciates all that is required of the parson here below and how meager his earthly reward, one is amazed that the noble profession did not become obsolete ages ago.

Of course he must be a good preacher to begin with. He must enjoy all the stilted and compelling oratory of the eloquent debater, added to the charm and attraction of the leading actor. That is very important. Without one he is "dull." Without the other he lacks "personal magnetism," as any thoughtful parish critic will readily assure you.

Then he must be spiritual, with a stern scorn of the world, the flesh and the devil. His entire philosophy must be of heaven and the next. It must make no difference to him what food is set before him, what clothes adorn his back. Faith, hope and charity must be his—especially faith. His faith in the ultimate goodness of his parishioners must be very, very strong. He needs it.

He must be scholarly and well informed. And he must be a gentleman. He mostly is a gentleman. None but gentlemen could be induced to enter so thankless a profession. He must have high ideals and manly dignity. He'll need every ounce of his dignity.

And then, of course, he must be patient and loving. Gentleness and forbearance combined with strength and authority. Cheerfulness is essential, of course, but not hilarity. There is a nice line to which a parson's cheerfulness may proceed—and no farther.

Then he must be a good disciplinarian, but never pompous. And he must be very particular not to discipline the wealthy member who helps pay the parson's salary. He must excel as an organizer and know how to manage the organist. He must have perfect passion for work, and there are many thoughtful souls to see that he is punctual.

And it is eminently desirable that he should be a "bright social addition to the neighborhood." His manners must be at once courteous and admirable. His tact must be superb. An infallible knowledge as to which child to pat on the head, which debutante to shake hands with and which spinster to make chit-chat with is really essential.

He must take an enthusiastic interest in the sewing guild, the altar guild, the women's auxiliary and the Sunday-school. He must be at once a militant and a peace-maker. He must know just what scandal to ignore and what to investigate. His judgment must be above reproach. His decisions just—with one eye on the influential member.

He must be a man's man, and yet be able to be in good sympathy with the women. Children must adore him, of course. He must visit the newcomers, the old parishioners and the sick, and he must be equally at home with the rich and the poor.

All of which is, of course, reasonable and simple. But that is not all. Bless you, no! The parson must have all the arts of the seductive mendicant and the ruthlessness of a Shylock. He must know every last trick of the cadger, every device of the confidence man, every device of the smart collector.

He must know how to manage the meanness of his parishioners; he must know how to encourage the nickel, how to magnetize the dollar. He must make the rich pay, and ensure their damnable patronage. He must point out the average parishioner's sin in regard to the treasury, ask, beg, plead, implore and finally grovel for their pittance, grudging and wholly inadequate contribution. He must be a good business man, a clever manager, a financial genius that can make one dollar do the work of three. He must see that foreign missions, home missions, general expenses, the bishop's salary, the disabled clergy fund, the widows' and orphans' fund, the deaconesses' expenses, church repair fund, and last but not least, his own paltry salary are all provided for.

He receives an assessment from headquarters and, if he fails to beg, borrow or steal it, his parish suffers the public disgrace of disfranchisement at the convention.

And for this his average salary is \$60 a month, upon which his wife and children must make a smart and comely appearance. These lousy stipends actually begin at \$18 a month for small mission churches newly founded. One hundred and fifty dollars a month is princely. And \$300 a month is wild luxury. In the church there are very few jobs at the top, where the requirements of personality are less exacting. It is the small parish that makes the greatest demands upon its parson. As any truthful parson will confess, the \$180 salary is far and away more exacting than the \$300 one.

Yet there are always persons to answer every call. And with rare exceptions they are good, earnest men fulfilling as nearly as possible the incredible demands that are made upon them. They even look cheerful and happy on it. A hard-faced, cantankerous parson is a rarity. They certainly can't be there for the money that's in it.

Why on earth do they do it? God knows!

Influence of Environment. [London Chronicle:] To forget one's name is embarrassing enough, but to forget one's occupation may be more embarrassing still.

G. W. Russell has a story of the late Archbishop Trench, "a man of singularly vague and dreamy habits," who "resigned the See of Dublin on account of advancing years, and settled in London. He chafed at the loss of his position, and his successor, Lord Plunket, finding himself back again in the old palace, sitting at his old dinner table, and gazing across it at his old wife, he lapsed in memory to the days when he was back to back with the house, and gently remarked to Mrs. Trench:

"I am afraid, my love, that we must put this cook down among our failures!"

## Pen Points: By the

Speaking of scribbles you may remember there is Manuel of Portugal.

What has become of the thing that is searched? Has old Dock been searched?

Help, help, police! Use the suffragette's liber, has her own the Pacific Coast.

Somebody suggests that the snowball bushes are caused by the snowball bushes.

Some of the Zapatistas down in the could be spared to join the Panhandle in England.

The man in the lockout at the dock brackwater reports that the stowaway is not in sight.

Fashion for women coats, but the price will be as high as father will allow to his son.

In the fight for United States Attorney, the dear people, who are not "arriving for the Twists," are not "arriving for the Twists."

The stories of aviators that about to cross the Atlantic to plane have been greatly exaggerated.

This is the centennial year of the pendence of Holland. Don't you see when the Dutch captured the ship?

The money contributed by the auto and motorcycle makes the Los Angeles automobile show a success.

A Lincoln letter recently found but a Woodrow Wilson statement of fat commission would do both money.

It is evident that Mary Gove Squire care who makes the law of the just so long as she can get her in the newspapers.

Some fine day somebody will tell the identity of the numerous "woman" who visit the sunny room. It is to laugh.

Referring again to the rules of the pinching of chickens, ought to be pinned and maintained.

If Hap Hogan only had the them to play for the champions there are others, and some of the Angora of the Hon. Hag.

The authorities of Paterson ought to be able to get some pointers on how the I.W.W. should be handled from San Diego.

Some talk of organizing a of the Daughters of the Dan have been "mentioned" by the committee of thirty-two.

It would be just like a to earn less than \$4000 a year to come fat, in order to spite his and get his name in the papers.

A Filipino ball club will visit to the United States while white to hear the don't like the ruling of the

Pig iron is quoted lower than years, but it is hardly a just now. The only time that that stuff is when the session.

A number of deer on the line of the Southern Railway Company, in the vicinity of the on their way to look at the turkeys trot.

It is but natural that the bill. He can see no reason in the Republicans with any tion than necessary.

And the chance to have the finest display of the at the San Francisco so at the St. Louis show, on the outlook for trade.

Democratic States that and the Democratic crowd and if their industries are destroyed by the Underwood bill voted for just that.

To the Congressmen who the call the thought of the leading during the session of tion. They manage to pay easy money in that direction.

Chairman McCormack the Treasury Making brother act and me, peevish, but the chance to the place marked when the buried.

The mistake of the are many, and they are in one year. But as the line will be made in of Congress are to be are getting wise.

It isn't a bit too early to fashioned celebration of the splendid than devoting dollars to spending on the alleged false red.

The population of less than Los Angeles hardly do to say that bluffed into arrested and are could be drawn into would hardly be

From whence? Can shape life of? He bears the same He trims his sail to and sends along with the

And you, my brother, Will push you toward the

—[William Allen

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# MOURKE WINS ANOTHER FOR TIGERS WITH HIT IN ELEVENTH.

**Up and Down Broadway.**  
**WART EDESON IMPROVES MAY PLAY PART TODAY.**

WART EDESON, who has been making a name for himself in the theatrical world, is expected to play a part in a new play today. He has been making a name for himself in the theatrical world, and is expected to play a part in a new play today. He has been making a name for himself in the theatrical world, and is expected to play a part in a new play today.

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## Amusements—Entertainments.

**HANKY PANKY**  
The new play at the Majestic Theater, starring Hanky Panky, is expected to be a success. The play is a comedy, and is expected to be a success.

**THE WOMAN**  
The new play at the Majestic Theater, starring The Woman, is expected to be a success. The play is a comedy, and is expected to be a success.

**Lonesome Town**  
The new play at the Majestic Theater, starring Lonesome Town, is expected to be a success. The play is a comedy, and is expected to be a success.

**Shows Tonight—Starting 6:30**  
The new play at the Majestic Theater, starring Shows Tonight, is expected to be a success. The play is a comedy, and is expected to be a success.

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## Eddie Campi's Appetite Alarms McGrath.



**AT HOTEL DE CAMPI**  
**TIM MCGRATH VICTIM OF HIGH COST OF LIVING**

**MANY NEW GAME LAWS HATCHING.**  
**Changes Proposed of Interest to Sportsmen.**

## Bag Limits Are Reduced for Duck and Quail.

Anglers for Game Fish Must Pay \$1 License Fee.  
BY GREY OLIVER.

**LEVY GOES NORTH WILL DEMAND BIG SHOWDOWN.**  
**Chaos Holds Sway in Flitic Circles—Graney Seems to Be Private Agent for Champion—His Offers Seem Vague—McCarney Smoking Up Feathers and Bantams. Coulton May Be Forced to Show.**

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## CAMPI IS AT LEAST THE PORTERHOUSE CHAMPION.

**BY GREY OLIVER.**  
Eddie Campi's chances for getting a fight in this country seem to depend upon whether the Australian meat importations will hold out as much as they did last year. If they don't, his manager, Tim McGrath, will have to go into bankruptcy.

**STANDING OF THE CLUBS.**  
**PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.**

**STANDING OF THE CLUBS.**  
**NATIONAL LEAGUE.**

## PATSY AGAIN PICKLES BALL.

**Wins for Tigers With Timely Hit in Eleventh.**  
**Koestner and James are Both in Splendid Form.**

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## THE GRAND CLIMAX.

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It has left the Pacific Electric Building for ground floor offices next to the New Morosco Theater, between 7th and 8th on South Broadway.

"Whereas, the thirtieth day of May has been set apart as a memorial day on which we decorate the graves of our dead and keep alive the memory of those noble dead, who freely gave their lives in the nation's hour of peril, and as this nation owes these men a debt of gratitude which must never be forgotten; now, therefore, be

The question of water South Pasadena shall pay for water if it determines to build a water plant. This matter will be considered at a conference of the officials of the two municipalities to be held next Monday morning.

Chief Accountant William F. Sells of the city water department yesterday announced that the city will be interested in having the new plant.

—

"Hotel del Coronado" offers special inducements and attractions to summer guests.—Advertisement.

The man and wife heard a sudden steering dip in the hole when Mrs. Smith noticed his head drop forward on his chest and his hands fall lifelessly from the steering wheel. The machine, under no control, started for the side of the road, but Mrs. Smith operated the emergency brake and brought the auto to a stop just as it started over the embankment.

New light was shed on the case today when Harry Endler, a brother, of Los Angeles, called on Chief Wilson and discussed the case. He said that the boy, who is but 23 years old, has been erratic for some time, the cause of which is unknown.

Among the Monday evening meetings is one at Ford and Hoover streets and Eldon avenue. Every afternoon next week is filled with meetings, and before Saturday the committee anticipates every part of the city will have had an opportunity to meet and hear the speakers.

the Riverside the fore part of  
week. This field work is supple-  
mentary to the regular study course  
taught in the university.

**PAJAMA PARADE.**

The annual pajama parade of the  
classes of the High School was  
held last night at a late hour, when  
fifty-five students in white pa-  
jamas paraded the entire

**"Valuable Jewelry**  
found by honest persons  
publicly advertised in the  
and Found" columns  
Times "Liner" section.







## Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

A public hearing will be given tomorrow afternoon at the City Hall on the proposed extension of the Pacific Electric Railway. The valuation of the Los Angeles Railway Corporation will be completed within six weeks, and upon this result will be determined whether the board shall order extensions of the corporation's lines.

The Public Welfare Committee of the Council recommended yesterday that the protest against the wild animal farm on the East Side be filed.

The protesters may go into court. After hearing the principals in the tunnel investigation yesterday the special committee of the Council postponed further hearing of experts until Wednesday.

The rush continued yesterday at the City Hall for applicants for the salmon license released by the death of Thomas Plant. Most of the Mayor's visitors were on this mission.

## At the City Hall.

## PUBLIC HEARING ON "L" RAILWAY.

SENTIMENT ON SUBJECT TO BE THUS ASCERTAINED.

Utilities Commission soon to listen to all protests against application of Pacific Electric for franchise for elevated from Los Angeles to San Pedro Street.

President McReynolds of the Public Utilities Commission stated yesterday that within a short time the date will be set for the public hearing of protests against the application of the Pacific Electric for its proposed elevated to connect the tracks at the rear of the sixth-street depot with the city-built line on San Pedro street, which is to be operated by this company. The elevated road is expected to be the first unit of an elevated system that may eventually be constructed to carry the interurban cars safely over the company's own right of way. Numerous protests have been filed against such a franchise being granted.

In speaking of this subject yesterday President McReynolds expressed his views on the comparative advantages of the elevated system and the underground railway for a city of the character of Los Angeles. He stated that there is no other place where the roads can be built. He intimated that he did not believe that Los Angeles has reached such a period, and pointed out the disadvantages of subway construction for railways, stating that one of the strong factors against them is that they would disarrange the sewage and other underground lines and require a vast amount of reconstruction of this character, which would create serious engineering problems.

Within the ensuing six weeks the Board of Public Utilities expects to have the work completed of ascertaining the valuation of the Los Angeles Railway Corporation, its actual income, etc., and when this information is secured the board will be in a satisfactory position to know whether it can demand betterments in service and extensions of lines.

Upon this result will also hinge the question of a lowering of passenger fares, but President McReynolds stated yesterday that he does not believe this subject will be given serious consideration at the present time, as there are other more dire to be dealt with in the way of increasing revenue, extension of lines and relief of traffic congestion.

## LIONS MAY ROAR.

AND HYENAS CAN LAUGH. The momentous hearing of the Public Welfare Committee of the City Council on the wild animal farm question came to an end yesterday forenoon when the committee voted to file the protest. This means that the city company may maintain its animal farm on the east side, near Baseline Park, so far as the City Council is concerned, for the Council will doubtless sustain the recommendation of the committee.

As usual, the hearing yesterday brought crowds of spectators to the City Hall, both sides of the neighborhood controversy being well represented. It is claimed that a number of actual property owners were found on the petitions favoring a retention of the institution, but that there was much opposition among some of its neighbors.

Leaders of the opposition to the farm indicated after the hearing closed that they would take the subject into the courts and would probably apply for a restraining order.

## TUNNEL INQUIRY.

HEARING IS CONTINUED.

The result of yesterday's hearing of the special committee appointed by President Williams of the City Council to investigate the charges of S. M. Kerns as to substitution of materials in the facing of the Hill-street tunnel will not be known until the committee holds a further hearing next Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

City Engineer Hamlin, Tunnel Engineer Tuttle, Inspectors Fox and Kerns, who made the charges, were heard yesterday. Kerns repeated practically the same charges he had made previously before the Council.

He attempted to show the motives that actuated him in making these public charges, declaring that two weeks ago he wanted to bid on work at San Pedro and was unable to get bids that were in Tuttle's office until he secured them through a merchant; that he found the plans so drawn that tidders in some cases bid as much more work than was required, and that he wanted this condition remedied. The committee declined to go into this phase of the subject at present.

City Engineer Hamlin admitted that he did not know of the substitution of materials until the subject was presented to the City Council, declaring that he had placed the bid in the hands of Tuttle and that he supposed Tuttle thought the job would be bettered by the substitution. "I think that in a change of this kind I ought to be notified," said Hamlin. He declared that the cost would be greater under the substitution than it would be had the specifications been followed.

Tunnel Engineer Tuttle admitted that he had changed the names of materials without notifying his superiors and that this should not have been done. He declared that the estimated brick provided for in the

specifications could not be used, as it absorbed too great percentage of moisture, and that he was thoroughly convinced that the use of brick and a tile facing would give a better job than that of the specifications. "My object was to get the tunnel as good as could be made, and I had no other object in view," said Tuttle.

He stated that he is so well satisfied with the method now used that he is incorporating it in the plans for three other tunnels that he is now completing. He estimated that the additional cost of substituted materials will be from \$2500 to \$3000, and this loss the contractors will have to stand, as there can be no increase in price under the Vrooman Act proceedings.

Inspector Fox gave testimony as to the quality of cement used, and said that when he went onto the job the work with the substituted materials was already in progress.

As the City Engineer's office showed by the testimony yesterday that it is thoroughly satisfied with the character of the work, it is probable that the further hearings of the committee will deal with the state of affairs pertaining to a change of materials from the specifications by a subordinate without reporting to his superior.

## Rush for License Continues.

The rush of would-be salmon-keepers to the City Hall to make inquiries about the prospects for them secured by the permit released by the death of Thomas Plant, continued yesterday and a good percentage of the Mayor's visitors were on this mission. One observer, whose check appears to be well developed, confided to the Mayor that he didn't want to file an application unless he could be assured in advance that it would be granted. The license fee for the Plant salmon is paid until the first of June, and it is probable that this place will be allowed to run until that time.

## Excavation Ordinance.

The excavation ordinance, which is of direct interest to contractors of public work and to the public utility corporations, has been revised and the Board of Public Works decided yesterday to have a public hearing on its provisions. It has sent notices thereof to the corporations and contractors affected. The hearing will occur at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of next Wednesday.

## Unsettled Bonds Held Up Work.

Although the city itself and many of the property owners directly interested have done their part, the paving of East First street from Evergreen avenue to the eastern city limits, must wait until the Hammon Act bonds now in the hands of the City Treasurer can be sold. A small percentage of the property owners elected to have their property bonded for their assessments. A movement is now on foot in Boyle Heights to secure a sale of these bonds so that there be no further delay in this improvement. The City Treasurer reported to the Board of Public Works yesterday that he has just sold one of the bonds but this was for an amount less than \$200.

## Screen for Protection.

The habit of children to swing on the south rail of the Lake Shore avenue and Sunset boulevard bridge, with the consequent danger of falling from the bridge onto the car tracks below has gotten onto the nerves of residents of that vicinity, and in response to their request the City Engineer's office has had a screen placed to keep the children away from this railing. A report on this was made to the Board of Public Works yesterday.

## Fish Offered to City.

The State Fish and Game Commission notified the Board of Public Works yesterday that in all probability Lake Tulare will be entirely dried up within a few months, and that as it is well stocked with fish the commission is making an attempt to dispose of the fish. The offer is made to the city that carp and black bass will be supplied free of charge in as large quantities as desired for stocking the Haines Dam Lake and the San Fernando reservoir, if desired, and if the city will provide means of transportation from the fish cars to the waters. The subject was referred to the Public Service Commission.

## Board Opens Bids.

Bids were opened by the Board of Public Works yesterday for the construction of the transit shed for the Mormon Island wharf and for the bridge and four locomotives for the railroad to be constructed at the harbor for use in raising. Bids will be received until 10 o'clock. The bids will be tabulated and awards of contracts may be made the first of next week.

## At the Courthouse.

## EARTH'S SCOURED FOR A FORTUNE.

SIX YEARS OF LABOR TO HUNT DOWN LEGACIES.

Swiss Woman Who Invested Widow's Mile in Los Angeles Realty and Died Leaving Its Fruits Far Scattered Over the World—Lawyer Patiently Seeks Them Out.

The final account of C. M. Gehrkens, executor of the will of Mrs. Marie Gugolz, was approved by Judge York yesterday. The proceeding was the ordinary one, but back of it lay the labors of an attorney, extending through a period of six years, to trace and recover the money she carried from this city to Switzerland, where she died.

The hearing also showed the wonderful development of real estate in this city. When Mrs. Gugolz came to Los Angeles, after the death of her husband in Denver in 1881, she brought about \$10,000, which she invested. One of her investments was the lot at Eighth and Figueroa streets. When she closed out her holdings in 1906 she received \$14,000 for the lot. It was recently sold for \$150,000.

Mrs. Gugolz died at Clarendon, Switzerland, January 11, 1907, leaving a wealthy Texas lumberman, from Branklin Sanatorium, was denied by Judge McCormick yesterday. The petition was presented by Attorney Frank L. Borden, who says that Wals is not insane and insane. The question of his children he was committed to the sanatorium. Borden will now file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus with the Appellate

Consults and other means were used with apparently no chance of success. At last a clue was found and followed up. Funds were found on deposit at a Swiss bank. They were there for the ground that they could be withdrawn only by an administrator appointed by the Swiss courts. The fight to get the money was long and disheartening, but finally successful.

Bonds were found after a long search to be in the custody of a woman who had accompanied Mrs. Gugolz to Switzerland. She was charged with embezzling them, and broke down, and admitted she had them, but claimed Mrs. Gugolz had given them to her.

If the estate had been administered in Switzerland, the Drott de Mutation, or succession tax, would have amounted to nearly \$6000. Roehrs will receive under the will one-fourth of the residue of the estate, Mrs. Gugolz having made legacies to relatives in Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

## TANGLE OF RUSS.

## BURNED WITH OCEAN PARK.

Mrs. O. S. Houston, the wife of a wealthy Texas rancher, admitted the oriental rugs on display last August at the store of Nich Balda of Ocean Park, and the building was destroyed by fire. She was charged with the loss of the rugs, which she alleged he said was made for the Pasha of Persia and required twenty-five years' labor to complete.

The rug was put up at auction and knocked down to Mrs. Houston for \$1150, on the condition that it was proved by her husband. Balda claimed it was worth \$5500, and naturally Mrs. Houston was pleased to get the rug. She had called at her residence in this city, and Mrs. Houston gave him a check for \$1150 for a Bokhara rug she bought.

Before either rug was delivered the great fire broke out at Ocean Park, destroying Balda's store among other buildings. The result was a lawsuit, which was tried by Judge Wallace yesterday, and brought out the story of a cook-book. It appears that when Balda called at Mrs. Houston's home, she gave him a receipt. She placed it in a cook-book she was using, and testified that she had not lost it.

Balda claimed the check applied on the silk rug. He said Houston had called at the store and secured the rug's purchase. Mrs. Houston denied this and was positive the check paid for the Bokhara rug. Judge Wallace gave judgment for Mrs. Houston, who was represented by Riddle & Chieroke.

## "DEAD BEAT" RAWSON?

## JUDGE FLAYS HER TALE.

The insolvency story told by Mrs. Della B. Rawson in the hearing of her application to be released from the custody of the County Jail on the ground that she was unable to pay it, was characterized by Judge Wood yesterday as a fairy tale. He committed her to the County Jail until she satisfies the judgment and advised her the best thing to do was to realize upon the \$15,000 equity in the house she owned. Mrs. Rawson, who was represented by Riddle & Chieroke, and paid some of her debts.

The action aired yesterday was brought by Mrs. Gertrude Ryckman, who had accused Mrs. Rawson's arrest in a fraud case. The court questioned her fully as to her methods when she conducted a divorce agency or matrimonial bureau. Mrs. Rawson styled it an Adjustment Bureau, and stated that she could always get plenty of lawyers for her work. She said she had advertised as an adjuster of all kinds of matters.

## COURTHOUSE NOTES.

## BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.

JUDGE'S FATHER DIES. John E. Cole, aged 75, father of Judge F. J. Cole of Imperial county, who died Monday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. M. Vermilyea, at Imperial county. Formerly he had been a rancher, but twenty years ago turned to the law. He was on a visit to his daughter several weeks ago, suffering from rheumatism. Mrs. Cole, four brothers and three sisters are left.

## ONE FOR SANTA ANA.

## MORE MARITAL TROUBLES.

Walter G. Phillips, manager of the Oranby Blossom cafe, was brought into Judge Monroe's court yesterday to hear his side of the story in the divorce proceedings filed by his wife, Gertrude Phillips, had previously testified that her husband left her, and she alleged she did not know the reason.

Phillips frankly told the court they could not get along. It was a continual scrap over trifles and, realizing there was no hope, he said he packed his trunk and left the apartment house where they were staying. It developed that Mrs. Phillips had been married one day six years ago they decided to get married. So they slipped off to Santa Ana, and upon their return as man and wife, the bride returned to the hospital and graduated.

## DAMAGES AWARDED.

Judgment for \$10,000 was awarded yesterday by a jury in Judge Monroe's court for a shoulder crushed in collision between two electric cars. He asked \$25,000 damages. The company admitted the liability, and the question fought out was whether or not the injury was permanent. At the time of the accident Wells was a passenger.

## INCORPORATIONS.

Peerless Laundry Company, incorporators L. F. Caswell, R. L. Johnson, E. L. Walk, Julia S. Caswell, H. L. Miller, H. P. Denon, W. D. Moore, R. H. McCormick, capital stock \$20,000, subscribed \$500; Pasadena Policemen's Relief Association, incorporators L. N. O'Dell, G. L. Rice, L. W. Colby, Neil Hax, C. C. Farmer; Pacific Metal Products Company, Edward Double, W. L. Stewart, Robert Watchorn, H. W. Wells, C. L. Cliff, capital stock \$500,000, subscribed \$50,000; Santa Anita Land and Water Company, incorporators W. S. Collins, G. Hallitt Johnson, P. L. Felra, N. O. Johnson, A. H. Collins, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$50; The Lindenfield Realty Company, incorporators Hattie M. Lindenfield, Carroll F. Greenleaf, Lillian A. Emerson, Horace A. Lindenfield, A. Marie Halloran, capital stock \$25,000, subscribed \$60; Mohawk Concrete Company, incorporators Sigmund Sigmund, George L. Curtis, Harry R. Palmer, Charles W. Wills, P. H. Plaine, capital stock \$150,000, subscribed \$15,000; Golf Club, incorporators Luther P. Spalding, H. N. H. Woodcock, E. B. Curtis, H. P. Denon, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$10,000; Morrow Double Cycle Engine and Pump Company, incorporators W. Morrow, E. Wills, P. H. Plaine, capital stock \$75,000, subscribed \$7,500.

## NEW KING LEAR?

## LUMBERMAN MAY BE SANE.

A petition for a writ of habeas corpus for the release of William Wals, a wealthy Texas lumberman, from Branklin Sanatorium, was denied by Judge McCormick yesterday. The petition was presented by Attorney Frank L. Borden, who says that Wals is not insane and insane. The question of his children he was committed to the sanatorium. Borden will now file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus with the Appellate

## Smith's

Cherries  
FANCY  
RIPE  
BLACK  
SARTARIANS  
10c  
PER LB.

## FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Strawberries — Fancy  
ripe, 3 for 25c.  
Raspberries — Basket  
10c.  
Lemons — Ripe, 3 lbs.  
for 25c.

## BEANS, FANCY GUM OR WAX, 2 POUNDS FOR 15c

## WALTER E. SMITH CO.

Main 8673. Spring Near Second. Home 60451.

## I WILL GIVE \$1000

IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR

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INSIDE CITY'S DAY OF JOY IS TURNED TO

# Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

*Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest*

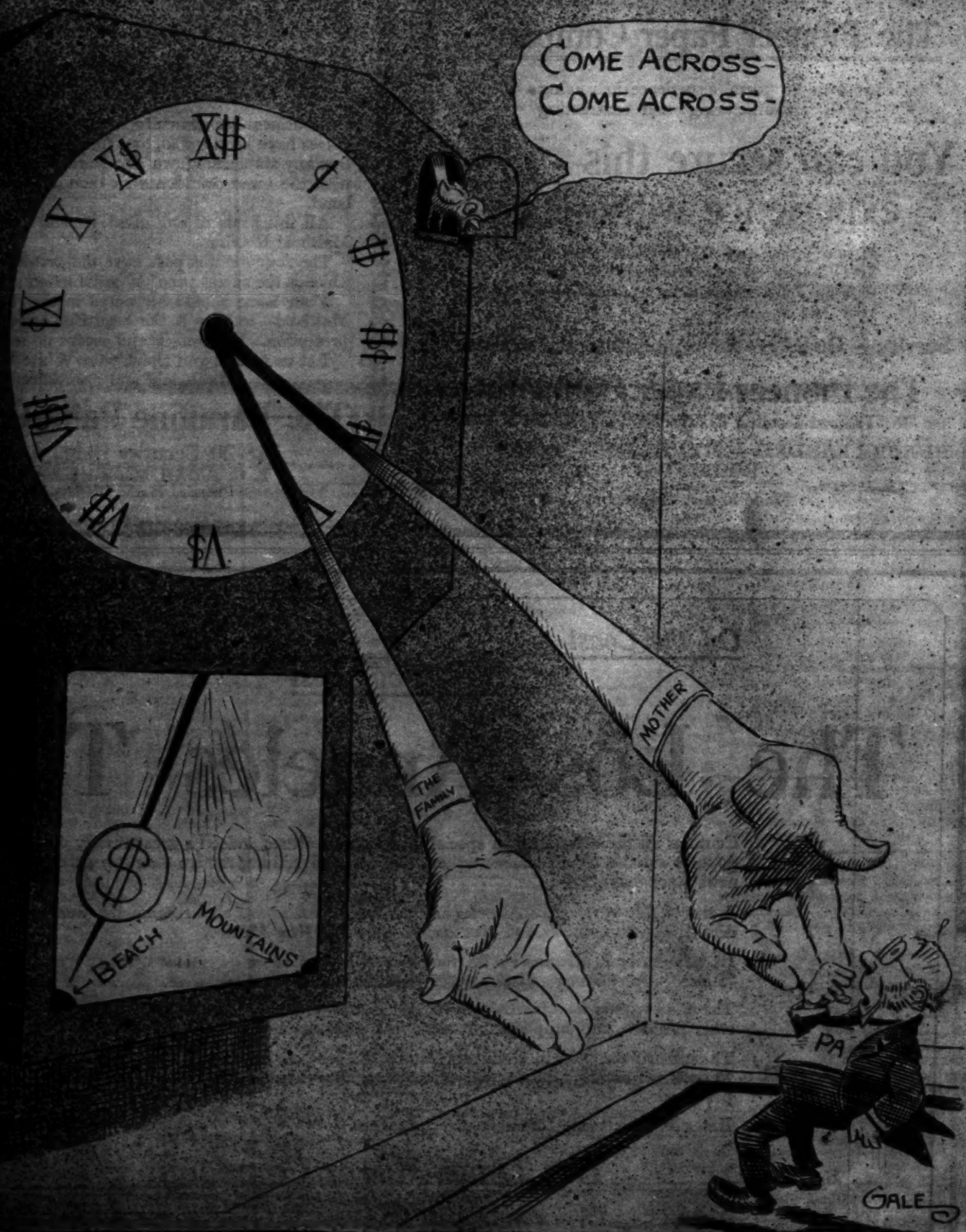


1913 (10th Year—New Series,  
Volume III, No. 21.)

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1913.

Single Copies, by mail, } TEN CENTS  
Or at News Agencies, }

*Vacation Time!*



*A father's-eye view of this time of the year.*

(6417)



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*New Times Building, First and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.*



## Illustrated Weekly

### THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

REORGANIZED  
JAN. 4, 1912, AND JAN. 4, 1913.

For the development of California and the Great West, the illustration of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Frequent descriptive sketches, solid articles, and the latest information; brilliant sketches, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the best of fiction, the farm and the range.

It is in fact and color; Southwestern in scope and spirit, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the desert, the valleys and plains of the West.

It is a weekly vehicle of present day thought, expression and description; a journal of views, opinions and criticisms; the steady champion of liberty, law and order in the industries, holding up the hands of the good and the honest, without distinction, who are working to better their condition in life and to the betterment of home, country and civilization.

Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to subscribers from The Times news sheets when sent.

It is submitting matter for publication in Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of the same. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; but otherwise they will be destroyed.

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## Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Under the Editorial Direction of  
**HARRISON GRAY OTIS.**

Weekly Issue Over 91,000

## THE WESTERN SEA,

IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

White Ashes  
and Lating  
ions.

## Makers

Los Angeles  
Makers

## es

Los Angeles, Cal.

apartment-house plans. On last Sunday there appeared plans for an immense apartment-house at Washington street, corner of Burlington avenue. It will contain 125 rooms. Plans are also ordered for a three-story brick apartment-house at the corner of Fifth and Bonnie Brae streets to contain about eighty rooms, others for a similar building for West Eleventh street at No. 1620, and still a third at No. 1151 West Eleventh. During that week a permit was issued for a fourteen-story office building for the corner of Eighth and Spring streets to cost \$500,000, and a second permit for a loft building on Hill street below Seventh to cost \$75,000. On Spring street between Fourth and Fifth, the ground is being cleared for a twelve-story reinforced-concrete hotel. The plans have been fully completed for the four-story club building for the Knights of Columbus on Flower street south of Sixth. A firm of architects is busy drawing plans for two three-story brick buildings for Grand avenue south of Tenth, and the contract has been awarded for a two-story garage on Hope street south of Tenth to cost \$40,000.

### A Factory for Van Nuys.

IT IS far from being a matter of world-wide knowledge that Los Angeles has had for years a factory where organs of music are built. Not only that, but the Murray M. Harris Company has been manufacturing pipe organs, pianos and piano players, and has successfully competed with the best builders in the world. This company built the organ for the great fair at St. Louis in 1904, and many other famous instruments. The enterprise has outgrown its present quarters in East Los Angeles and has just purchased a ten-acre tract at the new city of Van Nuys on which a new home for the musical instruments will be erected promptly. This is the first factory for Van Nuys, but not likely to be the last. The company now employs sixty men, but when the new plant is finished the workers will be increased to 200 at once.

### Four—Yes, Five, Generations.

RECENTLY in the city of Los Angeles one of the early citizens of the city celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth, and there were present four generations of the octogenarian's family. In the middle of May at San Luis Obispo, another sunny spot in the Great Southwest, a woman celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday, and she was surrounded by five generations of her family. There was present the first-born of each generation, the youngest being just less than a year old. There was the patriarchal great-great-grandmother, 87, her daughter 68, her daughter 47, and that one's daughter 22, and the last one's baby daughter a year old June 1. The original stock came from Virginia and moved to Illinois in early days, and finally the grandmother of the baby married in San Luis Obispo. Events like these have never been rare in Southern California. The Spanish families since the days of the mission fathers have not infrequently seen gatherings of four and five generations of the same family under one roof. It is just the climate, good people, and nothing more.

### The Climate Again.

ABOUT the middle of May an item of news was sent out from the capital of the State of California which must have traveled far and opened wide the eyes of many readers. Louis Marshall Lloyd is aged 77. Rose Murray Dobbins is aged 44. Now there is nothing very sensational about that. But on May 16 this sprightly young man of nearly 80 made of Miss Dobbins a blushing bride. Well, what of that? There is nothing particularly sensational about that, even if the groom was nearly 80. But that happened up in Sacramento, where the mariposa lilies and the California poppies and the mustard fall to flourish as luxuriantly as in the South where the sunbeams are more ardent. Listen to what happened in San Bernardino where the mocking birds sing and the mariposa lilies spread their wings, while the poppies lift their golden cups to glisten in the sunlight. George Motschmann is also 77 and Mrs. Mary Jane Warren is not quite so tender a bud as Miss Dobbins. She is 61 and has been married once before, if you please, for George Motschmann, 77, took Mary Jane Warren, aged 61, to be his bride, but so giddy were the young people that they actually had to elope in their modest coyness lest the neighbors should find out what they were up to. It is the same sunlight that causes the mariposa lilies and California poppies to run such drunken riot

of color over the ground that put into the heads of this giddy swain and matron to elope in order to be made one flesh.

### And Again the Climate.

MORE than fifty years ago California sent to the East as an exhibit in the pugilistic ring one of the handsomest specimens of manhood that ever breathed the breath of life. His name was John C. Henan, and he was popularly known as "the Benicia boy," for the reason that he had been a blacksmith's helper in that little town on the Carquinez Strait. Not Greece in her palmiest days ever turned out a more perfect model for the sculptor's chisel than this California boy. He was in every respect as symmetrical as John L. Sullivan. Then came the late J. L. Rose and the late Leland Stanford and made California famous for the beauty and excellence of its horse flesh. The same sun that ripens the grapes into a deeper purple and swells the roses to the size of saucers gave the California horses their deep chests, inexhaustible wind, symmetrical legs and rapid speed. The climate of California will keep adding perfection to animal and vegetable growth for centuries to come. Here is the story of a 16-year-old California lad named William Collins, a student in the ninth grade of the McKinley High School at Berkeley, who has just beaten the world's record in high jumping, covering more than six feet, in a practice game at that. Boy as he is, he has been competing for athletic records for the past two years, and had before this made a high jump of five feet five inches, and that was the record until he beat it himself. He has also taken the first place in the broad jump and the second in pole vaulting. It is just the sunlight and the pure air from the Pacific taken advantage of by outdoor life all the hours of every day of every year of the boy's life.

### Development Everywhere.

HUNTINGTON BEACH has one of the largest sugar factories in the State, and now adds to its industries 1000 acres in lima beans. This is the first large planting of these legumes in that part of the State, and they are to be grown without irrigation. And the people of Huntington Beach are not neglecting the decoration of their town, for they are engaged in planting 1000 trees along Ocean avenue. Then below there at West Newport a glass company is installing its plant and will have a glass factory in full operation there in a fifty or two. Within sixty days we are promised glass blown at West Newport.

### The Convention City.

ABOUT two years ago the Los Angeles Convention League was organized to make known to the world the advantages of this city for convention purposes. The president of the organization, Motley H. Flint, is authority for the statement that in the two years more than a quarter of a million have attended conventions in this city, and he estimates that they have spent here \$6,000,000. Surely neither the number nor the expenditure has been exaggerated. There is every reason why Los Angeles should continue to be the convention city of all North America at least, and why these gatherings should be more numerous here as the years pass by. We can offer every facility in the way of halls and hotel accommodations that are to be had in any city on the continent. Then there is something that no other city can offer, and that is mild, comfortable climate that renders the holding of these gatherings not merely possible, but pleasant, and not only in summer, but at any time of the year. Then to reach here the members must pass through vast stretches of our country, and in this the grandest scenery and the most beautiful landscapes in all America. There is more to see than merely the work of the convention. Wait until the great national highway is finished, and many delegates to conventions can cross the continent in their automobiles, and then we may look for half a million convention members a year visiting this city and spending many millions a year.

Those holding the franchise in the city of Long Beach for a new amusement pier have let a contract for the first link of 500 feet. The whole enterprise will cost \$500,000.

Tropico is growing at a tremendous rate. During the month of April there were twenty-two building permits issued, at a valuation of \$33,155.

## "Column Forward!"

### A RECORD OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

There are no new features developing in progress or industrial activity in the Great Southwest. This means that everything is going along humming, and likely to do so at least until after 1915 shall have come to an end.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has asked authority to issue 6 per cent. ten-year debentures to the extent of \$5,000,000.

The Southern Pacific Company is planning for the prompt building of a new depot at Visalia at a cost of \$24,000.

Ten years ago what is now Imperial county was a desert waste, but last year it produced 6,000,000 pounds of butter. There were shipped out of the valley more than 50,000 turkeys, which brought back \$100,000.

The Pomona Board of Education asked for a bond election to raise \$30,000 for new schools.

At Glendale during the first half of May the building permits amounted to \$40,000. At that point the First National Bank building is about finished at a cost of \$35,000.

Earnest efforts are being made at Venice to reconcile the warring elements over the Maler pier and go on with the work.

A fifteen-acre ranch near Van Nuys planted to trees and with a good eight-room bungalow has been sold at \$20,000.

In Tulare county a California company has secured 1525 acres of alfalfa land at \$200,000.

Andrew Carnegie writes to Venice from Scotland intimating his willingness to furnish money for a library building at that point.

In the San Joaquin Valley the Gillette ranch, 100,000-acre orange orchard, is being rapidly developed. The "Razor King" is spending \$20,000 on out-buildings in connection with this property.

At West Adams and Brighton streets, Los Angeles city, a lot 174x150 feet has been sold at \$30,000. Part of the the purchase price was in a ten-acre orange grove at Red lands valued at \$18,000.

At San Bernardino during the first half of May building permits were taken out to cost \$30,000.

The Stockton Improvement Company has purchased thirty-three blocks of residence property on the outskirts of that city at an investment of \$200,000 and will spend \$100,000 more in improvements. This looks like a boom for Stockton.

At San Fernando, arrangements have been made to transfer the Maclay water system to the Consolidated Securities Company of Los Angeles at a reported consideration of \$500,000.

During the first half of May in the city of Los Angeles there were issued 861 building permits at a valuation of \$2,303,135. The Superintendent of Buildings estimates the work of the month at \$3,500,000.

The San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce is discussing the issue of county bonds in the sum of \$1,500,000 for highway purposes.

El Segundo, a two-year-old among Southern California cities, is about to add a new industry which will give employment to 100 men, raising the Standard Oil employees to an army of about 500. The new plant is to be for the manufacture of lubricating oils.

At Monrovia the Bliss ranch of 200 acres has been added by purchase to the Bradbury ranch at a consideration of \$85,000. Some months ago Mr. Bradbury bought the Kenneth Carter ranch at \$40,000.

A Los Angeles capitalist is spending \$50,000 in elaborate improvements on foothill property near Monrovia.



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Mrs. Gogola having made legacies to  
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TANGLE OF RUHS.  
BURNED WITH OCEAN PARK.  
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FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Strawberries — Fancy  
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Raspberries — Basket  
10c.

Pears — Fancy Tele-  
phones, per lb., 5c.  
Asparagus — Fancy  
green, 3 lbs. 15c.

Sun-dry Squash—3 lbs.  
10c.  
Tomatoes—Fancy Ripe,  
per lb., 15c.  
Cucumbers — Each 5c.

Los Angeles Illustrated

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Saturday, May 24, 1918.]

## EDITORIAL.

### The Citizen Without Patriotism.

IT DOES not require a war with foreign powers, nor even a civil war, to test the patriotism of the citizen. In our country, where the people are the government, the patriotism of citizens is tested every day, and particularly every election day.

The citizen who in a lazy habit of mind lets governmental affairs drift as they will and never takes a hand, lifts a voice nor contributes a cent toward good government is unpatriotic and unworthy of citizenship. Really, it looks to many as if a law ought to be passed providing that any citizen who habitually neglects to vote should be deprived of citizenship and all its advantages.

The test of citizenship is severe in California under existing conditions. But the strength of the test only tends to develop the ardor of the real patriots and to show the unworthiness of the unpatriotic.

In the primary election in the city of Los Angeles on May 6 just past the total vote was about 76,000, and the voters that abstained from doing their duty numbered about 100,000. A little over 40 per cent. of the voters performed their duty, while nearly 60 per cent. demonstrated their lack of patriotism.

If the vote had been anything like a full one, or even if 100,000 votes had been cast, the whole city ticket would have been elected at the primaries, and the cost of a second election, together with the interruption of business, would have been prevented.

Early in June the final elections will take place, and those who do not participate in them will tend to bring shame and disgrace upon American citizenship and prove their unworthiness to be entrusted with the elective franchise.

### Mistakes of Highbrows.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY desires very ardently to see Los Angeles what a writer in the Smart Set recently called it, "chemically pure." Of course reference is to moral rather than to physical cleanliness, but alas! the good City of the Angels is far from having cast out all the fallen angels and made conditions here paradisaical from the moral point of view. We are not of those who think the city is worse than other great centers of human population. It is far better than the average. But that does not satisfy us.

It is but a few years since a political campaign was carried on here and the good people of Los Angeles were promised that if they would only elect a certain list of men to fill the offices in the city government the millennium would be not only at hand, but in hand, not only at the door but over the threshold. We can easily recall the unmeasured abuse heaped upon those who were unable to see such desirable results from the election of a given number of men to office.

The Times at that period warned the people that there would not be one less case of drunkenness, one less case of robbery, one less of burglary, one young girl less led astray, nor one case of bestial indulgence on the part of degenerate men and women.

What do the prophets of that former day think of their prophecies in the light of present-day facts? These prophecies were indulged in by the most highly-educated men of the city, and they were probably honest in their anticipation, but carried away by enthusiasm.

There is only one way to make men and women good, and that is the old, way of making them good from the inside first. Churches will do more

in one Sunday morning than all the police and all the detectives and all the officials of the city will do in a term of office or in a generation. You cannot make men moral by act of parliament, acts which are only made to punish those who commit immoral acts. The regeneration of the world must be done by the fathers and mothers who occupy places of trust in the present generation working upon the hearts and minds of their own children who will constitute the next generation, backed by the day schools, the Sunday-schools and the churches. This work is personal and individual, and can only be done where the heat and light of human love blaze upon the family hearthstone, upon the family altar, and by those God-appointed instrumentalities known as the churches.

### The Two Administrations.

IT WAS a case of Greek meets Greek when President Woodrow Wilson undertook to influence the mind and action of Gov. Hiram Johnson of California. The national administration got the worst of the struggle from start to finish. The President sent the Secretary of State, the redoubtable William Jennings Bryan, across the continent to Sacramento to plead with Gov. Johnson's legislative slaves. Mr. Bryan smiled his broadest and blandest, developed his most diplomatic manner, and pleaded long and earnestly. He came as the direct mouthpiece of the President, and either disclaimed or concealed his own personal views or wishes in the matter, making it specifically known that he was speaking in the place of the President and using the words the President would utter if he were present in person.

The State Legislature sat, not in polite sympathy to hear the message from Washington, but like the wood-est kind of wooden images, for the Governor of California was behind the anti-alien law and made it known to every member of the Legislature that he need expect no favors from the gubernatorial mansion unless he stood absolutely pat.

Of course Mr. Bryan did obtain a somewhat unimportant concession at the hands of the California Legislature. But still the anti-alien law as passed has the same scope and is for the same purpose as the one originally introduced.

When the Legislature in mute silence refused to hear the Secretary of State and passed the anti-alien law, Washington and Sacramento, through the national Executive and the State Executive, kept up the negotiations. But Hiram is still master of the situation.

The administration at Washington decidedly came out at the little end of the horn, and is now as busy as the Japs trying to save its face.

### Save the Ducks.

CALIFORNIA, Utah and Wyoming are the only States where wild ducks and wild geese can be slain and sold in open market. Even in epicurean and freedom-loving Nevada the millionaire who desires to tickle his palate with canvasback, redhead or mallard, or gorge on a slice of the breast of the bird whose honking saved Rome, must wet his feet and shoot the bird himself, for if he buys it from the humble and impecunious citizen who killed it, and is caught with the goods, to jail he goes.

The wild ducks and geese bred in Oregon and Washington as soon as they arrive at months of discretion, or rather indiscretion, form themselves into harrow-shaped companies and fly for the glorious climate of California. Out of the sheltering arms of Oregon where only he who kills them may

eat them, these feathered tourists come into the Golden State where any mercenary owner of a shotgun and a cance or a pair of gum boots may kill them for sale.

"Is it fair or honest," says a circular issued by the California societies for the conservation of wild life "for California to permit the slaughter for the market of species bred and protected by these sister commonwealths?"

No, men and brethren, it is not fair. The Times indorses the words of David Starr Jordan, who pleads for the ducks and geese as follows: "They are among the beautiful and picturesque features of our State, and future generations will not pardon us if through our carelessness, ignorance, greed, or for any other reason we of today allow them to be destroyed."

Some of the best and brightest women of California are members of the advisory committee engaged in the work of preserving the ducks, which are their namesakes. Will not Holy Hiram and his legislators cease for a while to emulate the antics of the wild asses they resemble and pass a law to protect the geese, which are their kindred?

### Ants That Cook.

HE latest roorback that science has contributed to the gaiety of nations is an account of the harvester ant. He is a native of Dalmatia. In his humble home he stores the seeds upon which he feeds. He plants these seeds in the spring and gathers the crop in the fall. There are other insects that store food for future use, and there are some unauthenticated accounts of insects that sow and reap.

But until now no responsible Ananias has given an account of an insect that cooks his food. "This," says a liar in the New York Independent, "is done by the Dalmatian ant. This interesting insect cooks his food. He first sprouts the seeds he has gathered. They are then carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully stored for future use."

"From these observations," says the magazine which is responsible for the yarn about the Dalmatian cooking ants, "it would appear that the art of cookery is not confined to the human race. All cooking is done by the sun, whether in the ripening of fruit or in the baking of bread in a stove. The heat obtained from fuel is simply stored-up sunlight set free."

"The Arab and the native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked in the sun. The ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery, the saliva with which it moistens the grain probably taking the place of yeast, and sweetening through changes set up by its influence upon starch."

The next thing we shall read in the Munchausen press will be of lions that broil at forest fires the meat of the antelopes they have caught, and of giraffes that carry treecrops to boiling springs and prepare dishes of spinach therefrom. There is a jack-ass in the Sacramento zoo that will not touch carrots unless they are boiled to a pulp. Those who wish to see this remarkable animal will need to visit the Capitol very soon, for in obedience to a public demand he will soon go home.

During the month of April, at the city of Glendale there were issued permits for building to the amount of \$48,765. The voters of this city have authorized a bond issue to the amount of \$52,500 for school purposes.

## Los Angeles Illustrated

### Do We Want a Dictator?

IT IS somewhat extraordinary the way the people almost unanimously uphold the President's strenuous activity in dictating legislation in the House of Representatives and Senate. There never has been a more absolute control of the Executive by the present one at Washington. President Wilson has been consistent every step in the making of the bill now pending in the Senate, almost every suggestion the President has made has been followed to the letter.

We do not mean to say that schoolmaster's rule has been a rebellion among certain members of the two branches of Congress. The rebellion has failed to break on a single point, so small is the opposition by any individual member of either branch of the national legislature.

Nor has President Wilson insisted to confine his efforts to "suasion" by any means. He has up appointments and branding his big stick of patronage over the heads of every recalcitrant member of the House of Representatives and everyone in the Senate. He has the old-time Democratic philosophy which teaches that the victor may joy all the spoils in sight, and the bars to the public crib have been taken down at once, in that the Wilson administration has been in power scarcely an administration has been made.

The strange thing about this is not only acquiesced in by the Democrats and commended by the Republicans of the Democratic party. It is the venture the assertion that never was a Republican who undertook to act in the dictatorial as Woodrow Wilson and that there never assembled a public legislative body at a time that would have succumbed to dictatorial measures of the President.

### The Balkan Peninsula.

IT LOOKS as if Europe were at war over the settlement of the dispute between Turkey and the States. For months Austria has been in a condition of camps, with Germany only a so and Italy prepared to join any struggle that might arise. Had Austria struck an actual blow in the Balkans, Russia would be forced to join the Serbians to protect them from Turkish aggression, and that would have drawn many into the fray. Of course, the beginning of hostilities, and many in the fight, France would have struck a blow for the recovery of Lorraine, and Great Britain would have kept her hands off.

The whole situation hinges on a small matter. If the kingdom of Montenegro had been induced to resign her part of the territory of Serbia, including the city of Scutari, could not have been avoided.

It is an illustration of the peace policy of the President our day that this general outbreak was averted. The peace of the trouble rested on factors in the situation.

When the trouble began, called every loan they had, many, and thus made it impossible for the two Teutonic empires to finance a war. The President was the anti-warlike influence among the people in general.

No longer can war be waged without an immense financial outlay, and no longer can a proclamation war against mankind in general.

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Drop in and let us mail your eastern friends and relatives some good news.







one-fourth of the residue of the estate, Mrs. Goggin having made legacies to relatives in Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

**TANGLE OF RUGS.**  
**BURNED WITH OCEAN PARK.**  
Mrs. D. S. Houston, the wife of a prominent business man, was killed by a fire which broke out in the rug parlor of her home at Ocean Park, last night.

Continued on page 1.

**FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES**

Strawberries - Fancy	Pears - Fancy	Tomatoes - Fancy
ripe, 3 for 25c.	phones, per lb. 5c.	ripe, 1 lb. 15c.
Raspberries - Basket	Asparagus - Fancy	Cucumbers - Fancy
		per lb. 15c.

**Los Angeles Times**

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**Illustrated**

**The**

Saturday, May 24, 1913.]

# Who's Who---And Wherefore.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

## WHAT THREE KIDS DID.

WHICH was first, the hen or the egg? "Answer me that, and unyoke," as saith Hamlet's grave-digger.

Los Angeles people are proud of the growth of their city, and boast without restraint of the building of skyscrapers. Here comes in a conundrum of the hen and the egg. In Los Angeles which was first, the skyscraper or the millionaire who has waxed wealthy in real estate transactions and in building up big business?

I can go back a period of about thirty years, when the territory south of First street and east of Main was all vineyard and orchard held in large tracts, and one house to each tract. Los Angeles street in those days stopped at First. About that time came an Oregon farmer and bought up a big slice covered with walnut trees, which he subdivided and put on the market in lots. In those days I was reporting for an evening newspaper, and looking at the little cottages built there, each costing \$500 to \$1000, I christened the district "Poverty Flat," unkindly and to the just resentment of the Webfoot developer.

The district now is as busy as a beehive and as populous as an anthill, and the industrial anthills tower up to ten stories in height.

When Poverty Flat was being developed there were somewhere in the world three big boys, each unknown to the others, but to be brought together in Los Angeles in due time by the influence of fate, and to be associated together in business here. They were born of poor parents in widely-separated countries, received little education of the school kind, had to go to work for a living at a very tender age, and by their own unaided efforts they have founded, developed and built up large business concerns. Two of them are managing for themselves one of the biggest anthills in the old Poverty Flat district, or rather one of the busiest beehives in that great industrial apary. One of them is D. J. Brownstein, and his first name is Daniel. He was born at Red Bluff, Cal., January 3, 1870. As a child he was taken to San Francisco by his parents, and there received what schooling he had in the public institutions of the city in a period of about ten years.

Thirty years ago or more the Jacoby Brothers had a wholesale clothing establishment on Los Angeles street just south of Commercial. It was not a great concern, and the clothing handled there was of the less expensive kind. One of their employees in a very humble position was the boy D. J. Brownstein.

Seven years before the birth of D. J. Brownstein, away off at Strassburg, Germany, on the Rhine, was born Henry W. Louis. This was in 1863. At the age of 2 years he was brought to America by his parents, who settled at San Diego. At that time it was a question whether San Diego or Los Angeles would be the metropolis of the Great Southwest, and the people of each city answered the question in favor of their own bailiwick just as their interests dictated.

In due time the Jacoby Brothers established a retail clothing establishment in the northern end of Temple Block on Main street, and one of their salesmen was H. W. Louis, a boy at that time, and he remained with the Jacoby Brothers for fourteen years.

Somewhere else in the big world, San Francisco, I think, was born another boy known here today as Phillip A. Newmark. He found his way to Los Angeles, and in April, 1875, these three kids formed an association under the firm name of Brownstein, Newmark & Louis, and went into the manufacturing of cheap grades of clothing. The office was in the Baker Block. The concern flourished, and then, in 1906, it was moved to No. 236 South Los Angeles street, and still it flourished, so that about a year ago it was moved to No. 716-722 Los Angeles street, where it occupies now two immense buildings adjoining, or rather with an alley between, the one on Los Angeles street being used as a salesroom and store and the inner one as a factory. The outer building comprises five stories and a basement, and the inner one four stories. The floor space in the two buildings is 120,000 square feet, and there are employed in these two buildings

as many as 500 hands, mostly females.

The factory is occupied in the manufacture of a well-known brand of overalls and a brand quite as popular of shirts. In the sales department they handle a full line of men's clothing from about all the factories in America, and some out of it.

At the beginning of this undertaking it was Brownstein, Newmark & Louis. But some time ago Phil Newmark severed his connection with the firm, and it is now Brownstein & Louis. Mr. Newmark has since established an enterprise of his own in the same line of business, and yet this one that I am speaking of, now owned and controlled by two of the kids and leaving out the separate concern established by the third, is doing a business of at least \$1,500,000 a year.

I asked Mr. Brownstein how much trouble he had with his employees in the way of strikes and disagreements, and with a very amiable smile he answered: "None at all. We had once in our career an embryo strike confined to the efforts of a single person, and that being condemned by all the other employees very naturally 'died a-bornin'.'"

There is little room for disputes or misunderstandings. All the work in the factory is done on a piece basis, and so each employee is paid for the work done, and if the results are too small it must be settled by the worker with her own conscience. A good worker will earn according to capacity, experience and skill required in the line of work from \$10 to \$20 a week. Some fail to earn the lowest range of income, but that is because of some personal lack, either of diligence, skill, attention, or natural capacity. The firm does everything it can for the safety, comfort and welfare of its employees, and maintains a branch of the public library in the establishment from which the hands may get books, only one other establishment in the city doing this for its employees, that being Bishop & Co. The Brownstein-Louis establishment also maintains for the comfort and well-being of its employees a restaurant in the building, where good meals may be obtained for just about what it costs to produce them.

### He Represents La Belle France.

Away back in the south of France and away back about the time Alexander Dumas was writing his wonderful romances, there was a family named Sentous, consisting of eight members, seven brothers and one sister, and in due time they all found their way to Southern California. One of these was Jean Sentous, and he came to California in 1850 by way of Cape Horn, requiring six months to make the voyage. Jean Sentous went into the sheep-raising business, as many of his compatriots did, and here he married a young lady known as Senorita Casanova, a native of Costa Rica. The other Sentous brothers established a packing-house and conducted a butcher business. Of the union of the young Frenchman with the young lady of Spanish blood there were born seven children, three boys and four girls, and they are all living now, with the exception of one of the sisters.

One member of this family, Louis Sentous, was born here in Los Angeles, September 25, 1869. When he became old enough to go to school he was sent to St. Vincent's College, and then, in 1885, he was sent to France and placed in a Jesuit college near Toulouse, where he remained a year and acquired a perfect and fluent use of French.

Back in Los Angeles in 1886, he entered the employ of his uncles in the packing business. In January, 1895, he was married to a Miss Amestoy, one of the best-known families in the French colony, and the result of this union is a boy now 17 years old who is engaged with his father in the real estate business.

In due time Louis Sentous left his uncles' packing-house and became a member of the wine house of Vache Freres, at the corner of Alameda and Commercial streets.

The next enterprise Mr. Sentous went into was the produce commission house in which he was associated with his brother Camille for five years. In 1904 these two brothers established a real estate, insurance

and loan business, and French notary office, which they are still conducting.

Louis Sentous is now consular agent of France for Southern California, having been appointed to this important place a little more than a year ago. He has been already decorated by the French Academy of Science for efficient service in his office. There are between 6000 and 7000 members of the French colony in Los Angeles, and the business of the consular agency occupies a great deal of Mr. Sentous's time.

Among the institutions founded and maintained by the members of the French colony, the Mutual Benevolent Society takes first rank, and includes all the important members of the colony. This society has for years maintained a hospital in the northern end of the city in what is known as Sonoratown, and for seven years Louis Sentous was president of the association. Then he begged to be relieved from the cares of the place, but as the society has undertaken the building of a new hospital, with one accord they pressed their compatriot into service again, and for another term he is addressed as Monsieur le Presidente de la Societe de Bienfaisance Mutuelle Francaise. The plans for the new hospital are being drawn, and it is expected to cost about \$40,000.

I asked Consular Agent Sentous the other day if he thought the opening of the Panama Canal would draw many French people to Southern California. His opinion is that it will not. There being some 7000 French people here already and these writing back continually are drawing some Frenchmen to this section all the time. With the canal open and direct service established at less cost than at present, this movement may be increased, but not notably. Mr. Sentous's reasons are undoubtedly founded on fact. Frenchmen love their native country with an ardent devotion and are not migratory to any large extent. Then the government discourages migration to foreign lands, but rather seeks to direct emigration to the French colonies. Northern Africa is almost a part of France, Algeria supplying France with the largest part of its wines at the present time. Madagascar is a great cattle country where Frenchmen produce a great deal of meat for consumption in the mother country. This policy of the French government prevails largely in all countries. If a Frenchman goes to a French colony he is still available for military service, and besides continues a customer for French products and a producer of commodities for French consumption.

Mr. Sentous has made valiant efforts to induce his countrymen in the mother country to become lenders of money in California. France has not the largest stock of money in the open among the nations, but really can furnish more funds than any other nation on earth, not excepting Great Britain. Yet they prefer government securities of their own country at 3 per cent. or loans made at home at 4 per cent. rather than to put their funds out in foreign countries far away from home, with whose business methods they are not acquainted.

In spite of these difficulties Mr. Sentous had worked up quite a feeling in favor of Southern California, where he could easily place millions of dollars, and France could easily furnish a hundred million dollars. But this new-born enterprise has been knocked in the head and killed by the freak legislation of the late unlamented Legislature, with a possibility of a Japanese war, remote perhaps, but enough to frighten Frenchmen. That is only one of the freak laws that have checked the inflow of foreign capital to California.

### They Paint the Earth.

As long ago as fifty years, when San Francisco was a small city on the ragged edge of nowhere and Los Angeles was little known, there was a house in San Francisco at the head of which stood a man named Whittier, and it furnished most of the paint used upon the Coast. A little later sprang up another house, at the head of which stood the name of Coburn, and engaged in the same business. And there was a third, the leading name in which was Fuller. These were all San Francisco houses, and retail paint dealers

in Los Angeles until not many years drew most of their wholesale supplies from these San Francisco houses. The Whittier and Fuller houses became united.

But Los Angeles grew up into a lusty and handsome young woman that apron strings which tied her to San Francisco, her big chaperone had to be discarded. Whatever connection remained pretty badly broken up by the great earthquake of seven years ago. Before the event, immediately after it and ever since it has been the fashion for San Francisco houses to establish branches in Los Angeles.

There was a paint house on Los Angeles street conducted by I. A. Locking, and this was one of the Whittiers, a nephew of the original San Francisco paint named Henry F. Whittier. He is now head of the Whittier-Coburn establishment on Los Angeles street.

Henry F. Whittier is from Maine, where he was born June 7, 1844. When a young man he went to Illinois and entered a drug business, but in 1855 came to the Coast and settled in San Francisco. In 1859 he came to Los Angeles to the establishment, where he remained until he was absorbed by the Fuller people. Some time, in 1894, he married Miss Bell, a daughter of Dr. William Brill, in a well-known Los Angeles family. The Brills in 1894 days bought a good-sized lot on Hill street just south of Ninth, where the family has been maintained until very recently. The property has become too valuable for residence purposes, and a business venture is now under construction there.

The paint business has been a great one in Los Angeles for a good many years, and surely never was more active than at the present time. A city that spends \$5,000,000 a month in new construction, which during the current year will be possibly \$40,000,000 in new construction, with a possible expenditure of nearly 1,000,000 more in the country around, need some paint.

Down in the hills of the San Gabriel Palos Verdes, between Redondo and San Pedro, along the ocean shore, there is a deposit of clays capable of being converted into as fine mineral paint as is produced. Some thirty years ago Los Angeles people came to me for a report as to the possibility of converting these clays into merchantable paint. I said I was going to San Francisco and would be back in a week with an answer. Along others I consulted the Whittier-Coburn people and the Coburn people, all of whom told the same story. In the States where the barn is ten stories high as the house and where the whole country is fenced into fields there is a great demand for mineral paint to protect the barns and fences from the ravages of weather. In California, without numerous fences, such a demand was not necessary. The other day in talking to Henry F. Whittier down on Los Angeles street he told me the same demand is still necessary for the same reason.

### Fact and Fancy.

When you sing your own praises, you apt to pitch the tune too high. The long-lived have short legs. The person who lives on eggs is troubled with obesity.

A third of the insane recover. To keep your enemies from knowing the harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

The athletes of ancient Greece were on a diet of new cheese, figs and grain. Their sole drink was warm water, and meat was never allowed them.

Superstition never keeps people accepting thirteen for a dozen.

Bees are excellent weather prophets. Never caught in a shower, when they turn home it is a sure sign of rain.

Those who never do anything very good seldom do anything very bad.

Peking's university is the oldest in the world.

The poor are discontented because they can't get all they want; the rich because they can't want all they get.

**THEODORE**

THE bard of Meville of the national bard O'Hara. The bard so designated him. He came from Arlington, Mass., where the fighting men sleep in the City of Meville. The couplets of this poem are the government. For, Uncle Sam has a lot that express most of those who survive have died in battle. The whole world of literature that so far outshone



Grave of O'Hara monument that his poem.

On tablets in all the cemeteries from that poem and this one surpassing poem. The Bivouac of The Dead, and solemn march of its shades where hover the immortals. Yet through the shades steals the martial ecstasies the call to arms and the hand of Gen. Breckinridge.

And, strangely, the man who was the spokesman of the nation, was a Confederate soldier at the end of the Civil War. The hand of Gen. Breckinridge.

More than this, O'Hara was a man who followed the heart and fought as a soldier. He knew little but he showed the jewel of genius within him. His greatest day he received in the field of battle the dead body of Albert Sydney Johnston. He was the only other poet who was a Confederate soldier.

O'Hara was born in Kentucky, a man who was a political refugee. The elder O'Hara was a poet and a refinement in the old masters. Theodore was a poet and a refinement in the old masters. Theodore was a poet and a refinement in the old masters.

Theodore was a poet and a refinement in the old masters. Theodore was a poet and a refinement in the old masters. Theodore was a poet and a refinement in the old masters.

mitted to the sanatorium. Borden will now file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus with the Appellate judges. Dr. C. K. James, N. L. Morrow, capital stock \$75,000, subscribed \$75,000.

Drop in and let us mail your eastern friends and relatives some good news.



# The Official Poet of the Martial Dead.

By William Atherton Du Puy.

## THEODORE O'HARA.

THE bard of Memorial Day, the poet of the national cemeteries, is Theodore O'Hara. The Federal government has designated him. In every national cemetery from Arlington, Va., to Custer's battlefield in Montana, and back again to the fighting men of the United States in the City of Mexico, are to be read the couplets of this poet placed there by government. For, in all these cemeteries, Uncle Sam has sought to place tablets that express most adequately the reverence of those who survive for the heroes who have died in battle. And, searching the world of literature, he found one that so far outshone all else that all

places with whom he became acquainted that he has given a captaincy in the army just prior to the breaking out of the Mexican War.

### As Soldier of Fortune.

When the American arms pushed into Mexico the dashing young Kentuckian added the spirit of bubbling exuberance to every campfire. He fought in the battles of Buena Vista and Chapultepec and wherever else there was fighting, and so well did he bear himself that he was brevetted a major for gallantry in battle.

The spirit of the man was so restless, as has been the spirit of many other genius, that he did not remain with the army in

today, at the behest of the government itself, has become official.

Many experiences had been crowded into a span of but twenty-seven years of living when, in 1847, the State of Kentucky sent to Mexico and brought back the remains of her soldiers who had died in the war to the south and buried them with all military honors in the State cemetery at Frankfort. These were the men with whom O'Hara had campaigned, had fought, had conquered. He knew of every experience that had led up to their deaths and had harbored in his breast every aspiration, every joy of battle that had been theirs. His friends and comrades were here being buried.

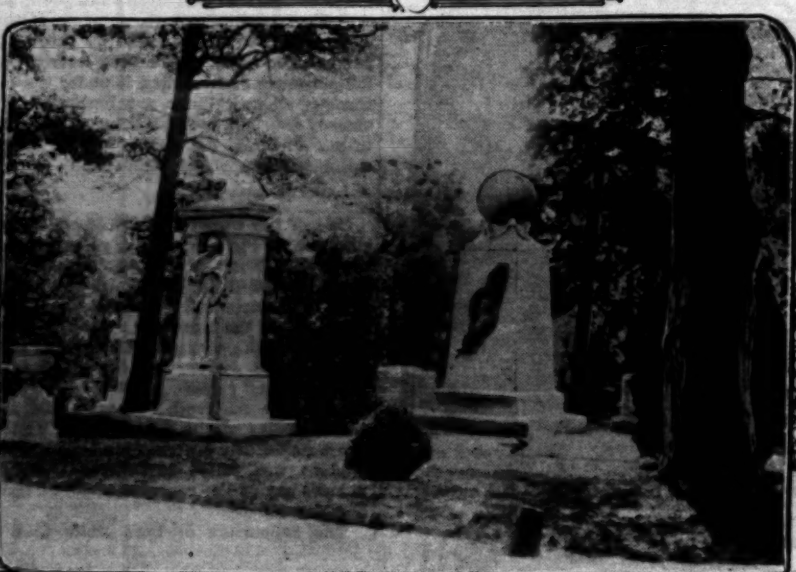
O'Hara was asked by the Governor of

writing of this poem and the outbreak of the Civil War were spent in much the manner that other editors and gentlemen of letters of the time and place passed their lives. In the interim Col. O'Hara gained much distinction as an orator of great polish, went on a number of diplomatic missions for his country, and mingled freely with the men of affairs of his time. None of his enterprise turned out particularly successful, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he was but the brilliant editor of a struggling paper in Mobile, Ala.

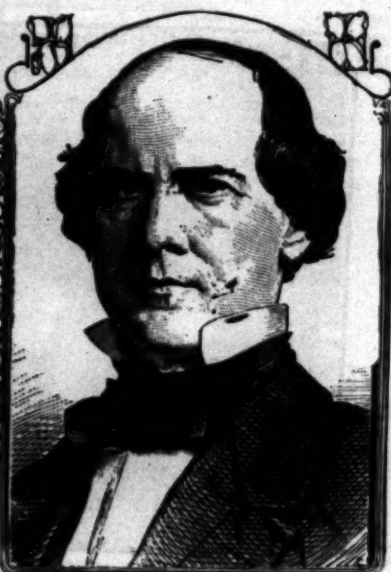
During these years appeared the poem to Daniel Boone, "The Old Pioneer." It is strange that the two only poems that O'Hara ever wrote should have been



A Bivouac of the dead at Arlington.



A Bivouac of the dead at Arlington.



Theodore O'Hara.

in all the cemeteries contain that poem and nothing else. The stately march of its couplets is like a funeral cortege beneath which hover the spirits of the dead. Yet through the mournful cadence the martial echo that but suggests the call to arms and the clash of battle in the battles that are past.

It was at about this time that the Lopez uprising occurred in Cuba and many young American adventurers enlisted in the cause of the liberation of that island and sailed away to fight its battles. O'Hara commanded one of the regiments that participated in the disastrous fight at Cardenas, and from that battlefield he was carried sorely wounded, while his comrades were badly beaten and broken up.

Not in the least discouraged, the spirit of adventure still surged within him and a little later he was found to be a member of an expedition under Walker, which pushed into the center of Africa and returned much the worst for wear and with little other than the experience of hardship to show for the trip.

In the years that followed the young adventurer played the game of editor in many southern cities. In Mobile he was editor of the paper of Hon. John Forsythe while that gentleman was absent as Minister to Mexico. In Louisville and Frankfort he similarly officiated and ultimately became editor of his own paper, The Yeoman, in Frankfort, Ky. It was here that the occasion arose that led to his writing the greatest mortuary poem in all history, that

times of peace but resigned and practiced law in Washington for a while, but found other adventures that appealed more strongly.

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Kentucky to write and read a poem upon the occasion of the burial of these, his comrades. In the office of the Yeoman in Frankfort the lines that now are scattered throughout the national cemeteries of the country were penned. In a little saloon across the street from the Statehouse they were first read and the auditors were former comrades at arms and young bloods there assembled. Those who heard pronounced the poem good, and on the following day this, the greatest poem of its kind ever written, was read over the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who had died in Mexico.

The nook in the State Cemetery at Frankfort where these men were buried has come peculiarly to shadow forth the spirit of O'Hara. The State erected a tall shaft in honor of the Mexican martyrs. When O'Hara read his poem there he little realized that he was detailing his own epitaph and that he too would rest there and that these same lines would appear on his tomb. Yet such were the facts. At this time also, there was no monument to Daniel Boone, who lay near the same spot and in whose honor this poet was to write another elegy of rare beauty, thus rounding out his couplet of two poems in a life time.

### Honors to Daniel Boone

The years that intervened between the

tributed to the departed. The "Dirge to the Brave Old Pioneer, Knight Errant of the Wood," "The Old Druid of the West," "Columbus of the Land," is full of the touches of the master hand. Byron in his "Don Juan" has undertaken to lay down an understanding of the glory of the life of this superman of the early days, but when his lines are compared with those of O'Hara they appear pale and weak.

O'Hara was a son of Kentucky and was familiar with the realm in which the man of skins and moccasins had battled with Tecumseh. His genius grasped and portrayed the glories that were wrapped up in this pioneer life and the whole of it he wove into his dirge for the man whose grave was but a stone's throw from his comrades of the Mexican war and the spot where his own remains were eventually to rest.

### Civil War Battles.

When the Civil War broke out Theodore O'Hara, still a man but just past forty, immediately volunteered for service. He became colonel of the Twelfth Alabama Volunteers and was at first assigned to guarding the entrance of Mobile Bay. Later he was on the staff of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, with whom he fought many battles. The esteem in which he was always held was shown whenever he was given any post in war of peace. His dash and finesse in battle has called forth much comment and throughout the struggle of the States his service was most honorable. His spirit was that of a soldier and his friends have always said that the happiest days of his life were those he spent in military service.

O'Hara was with Johnston at the terrific conflict at Shiloh. As a member of the staff of his chief he was by that officer's side when he fell. It was into the arms of the Irish-American poet-soldier that Johnston fell mortally wounded in "rapture of the fight."

Gen. John C. Breckinridge has been a boon companion and intimate friend of Col. O'Hara throughout his life. So it came to pass that after the death of Johnston the Irishman was transferred to the staff of Gen. Breckinridge, where he became its

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN.)



Strawberries — Fancy	Pears — Fancy Tele-	Squash — 3 lbs.
ripe, 2 for 25c.	phones, per lb., 5c.	10c.
Raspberries — Basket	Asparagus — Fancy	Tomatoes — Fancy ripe,
		per lb., 15c.



Saturday, May 24, 1913.]

# Sidelights on Mexico. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## The Revolution. QUEER FEATURES FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT.

THE RAILWAYS AND HOLDUPS—HANGED FROM TELEGRAPH POLES—HOW TREACHERY AND MONEY OVERTHREW DIAZ. MILLIONS WANTED FOR AMERICAN DAMAGES—QUEER THINGS IN MEXICAN JUSTICE—GRAFT AND JURY DUTY.

### From Our Own Correspondent.

MEXICO CITY.—I want to give you some sidelights on the Mexican situation. The whole country is changing. Everything is in a state of revolution, and this revolution means more than the fighting which is now going on in so many different quarters.

The railway situation in the western part of the country has been exceptionally bad. The Southern Pacific lines have been damaged to the extent of millions of dollars, and many of the western roads are now in the hands of the rebels.

As to the National line from Laredo to the Mexican capital, this has been open right along until the last revolution. The only trouble has been the burning of a few bridges and a small station now and then. But since Madero was killed there has been more or less trouble along that system, and it is only now that the cars are again running regularly.

### Hanged From Telegraph Poles.

Of late the conditions have been very bad in southern Mexico and not far from Mexico City. The Zapatistas have committed

stop travel. It does not. At the hotel registers here you may see the names of Americans who are coming in and going out to and from all parts of the republic. The trains are open to the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Vera Cruz, Guadalajara and to Tampico, Laredo and elsewhere, and business, although it stops now and then, is still going on everywhere. This may be seen by the last report as to exports. This shows that more goods were shipped out of Mexico in 1912 than ever before. The exports in 1912 were in round numbers \$398,000,000, whereas in 1911 they were \$293,000,000, and in 1910 \$30,000,000 less, and \$50,000,000 less in 1908. These figures are Mexican silver.

The Americans say they know they are in danger every time they take the train, but that it is about ten to one that they will get through all right, and if held up will probably not lose any more than the money they have in their purses. I know of some who have even escaped that by throwing a part of the rolls which they carried into the spittoons or by hiding it under the mattress of their Pullman car berths. I have already told you how I carried my big bills in my stocking, but so far I have escaped railroad hold-ups and accidents.

### A Land of Suspicion.

One of the worst features of the present situation is the suspicion that prevails everywhere. None of the leaders seems to have much faith in his fellows and the partisans of Huerta and Diaz are afraid of each other. It is the same with the rebel bands throughout the country. Every man seems afraid of his partner and the air is full of treachery and rumors of plots. It is doubtful whether the truth has been told as to the tragedies of the recent past. You can get a half-dozen different stories as to how Madero was killed and three-volume romances out of the reported plans of Huerta and Diaz.

The supporters of Diaz claim that any

treachery was a money transaction. That Madero paid the man who took the fixed sum. There is one man here who says he saw the check for \$100,000, Madero signed, and that this check was cashed by one of the banks of the city. I do not believe that at all. When money for such things they do not do checks.

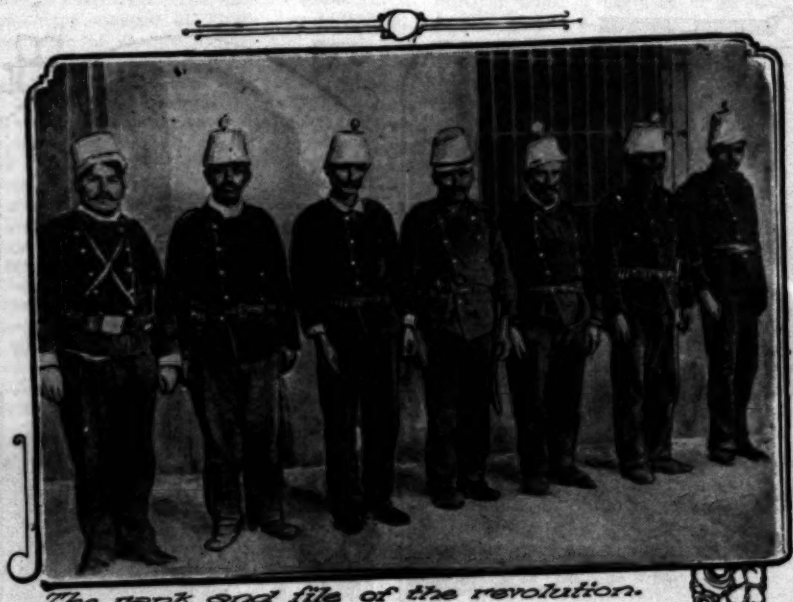
According to another story, the man deceived Diaz and sold him out immediately afterward an estate which was known to be poor. The man carried the handkerchiefs on their backs and aided in the capture are said to have received goodly sums, and it is claimed that the capture cost the government \$100,000 in silver. This may or may not be true, but it is one of the stories of the troubles we have been having here. This is one thing that is sure, and that is that the treasury was practically empty when Huerta came in.

### Muzzling the Press.

A great deal has been published in the United States about the censorship of dispatches and of the Mexican press. Of this is true, and it is safe to say that people have but a mild idea of the censorship over the border. At the same time the daily journals of the capital are not backward in making criticisms. They denounced Madero and they are denouncing Huerta and Diaz without gloves. They demanded that Madero retire, and they have paraded him to Charles I. Louis Philippe, other rulers of the past.

In a recent editorial as to the situation one of the Mexican daily marks as follows:

This government is one which cannot see its own faults. Let it hear the words of Mencius, an ancient Chinese philosopher, who while conversing with the emperor questioned him thus:



The rank and file of the revolution.

The country is having an intellectual revolution as well as a physical one. The common people are waking up. The peons have begun to think for themselves and even the rich are changing their ideas as to the division of property. Labor at last is claiming its rights. Within the past few months we have had a big strike on the railways, and a large part of the debates in the Chamber of Deputies is as to the raising of wages, and the cutting down of hours of work in the factories.

At the same time the whole republic is in a state of fear as to where trouble will break out next. Many localities have no order whatever, and the brigands and banditti commit their outrages with little fear of the result. They dynamite tunnels, burn bridges and tear up the tracks of the railroads. At this writing nearly every railway system is more or less out of commission.

Stray bands of rebels will hold up a passenger train and go through the pockets of the travelers. If there are soldiers on the train, they may fire upon them without regard to the passengers, and at such times they have no regard for the train employees.

A few months ago some of these rebels seized a fireman who was trying to protect his engine. They threw him alive into the firebox of the locomotive and he was burned to death. Another engineer saved his life by taking off his coat and assuming the uniform of a conductor.

### Railway Troubles.

These railway troubles have now extended to most of the roads in the republic. The upper part of the Mexican Central, which runs between El Paso and Mexico City, has been out of commission for more than two years. The conditions were so bad there that the Madero government contemplated making military cars with double walls of sheet steel and sand in the middle. These were to be used for soldiers, and were to be travelling fortifications. They were painted in checker-board fashion, the black and white checkers disguising the loopholes.

The losses have been so great on parts of that road that certain American lines have not let their cars go into Mexico for fear of losing both cars and freight.



Mexico City policemen.



A Mexican news man.

ted scores of outrages, burning up haciendas and the cane on great sugar plantations. They have attacked the trains, and both freight and passengers are in danger.

The Federal troops now and then guard the trains. They pursue the rebels and festively hang the prisoners from telegraph poles. The passengers coming in on a recent train reported a fringe of hanging bodies from such poles on the edge of the Federal District, and said that a dozen rebels could be seen hanging to some trees by the side of the road.

You would naturally think that this would

treachery connected with his recent actions have been warranted by his capture by treachery at Vera Cruz. The story goes that the Maderista officers who took him at that time had solemnly promised to leave Madero and go over to him. They pretended to do so, and came up with their soldiers, carrying white handkerchiefs on their bayonets as flags of truce. It is said that they betrayed Diaz, almost with a kiss. They embraced him and then suddenly turned and captured him at the mouths of their guns.

I am told here in Mexico City that this

"What do you do with a traitor who ministers your business body?"

"I break with him," answered the emperor.

"And with the marginals who carry out your commands?"

"He is deposed," said the emperor.

"And if the provinces are badly governed what is done then?"

"The emperor became deaf and dumb."

"The attitude of the Emperor of China is similar to that of the Mexican emperor. It changes the subject or refuses to answer."



a money transaction, and the man who took the check for \$100,000, and that this check was of the banks of the United States at all. When men do things they do not do it for the sake of the money.

another story, the man who sold him out bought an estate which was this notwithstanding the poor. The soldiers who were on their hands and feet are said to be in the hands of the government. The man who may or may not be true, one of the side lights of the war has been having here. The man who is sure, and that is the man who is practically empty.

has been published in the out the censorship of the Mexican press. The man who is sure, and that is the man who is practically empty.

ent is one which police and still is unwilling to let it. Let it be known that an ancient Chinese man was conversing with him thus:

in our kitchen tent, while I was with a file the points of the hill by the Caribou Crossing of the stream which is the outlet of the lake, though it was fourteen miles away.

In such an atmosphere distances are very deceptive, and but few people under the most favorable conditions accurately judge of distances, so I was not surprised that the little Irishman I caught up with had been having trouble as to the miles away of his objective point. I noticed him sometime before coming up with him. His very short, stout legs were in violent action, but it was principally up-and-down motion, that would have been dangerous on thin ice. When I came up to him he said:

"Good mornin', sor! Be thot the Caribou?" pointing to the hill.

"Yes."

anyone insinuates that it is the situation." The editorial and many others in the Mexican news-lead one to think that the I am told, however, that there is something sent out every effort is made to the United States in the dark as to the now being perpetrated by the United States.

December two Americans were in the United States soil, carried by the United States and delivered into the hands of Juan Navarro at Juarez. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army.

the government. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army. The Americans were that they had been in the rebel army.

## WINTER HARDSHIPS.

of March, 1898, found me and my companions of the Klondike in our tents set up in the grove of spruce and fir on the point of the lake. They also know it as a place of death, and say that several of their people while crossing the lake in night or storm have fallen into the treacherous rift of the ice, to disappear forever, for, according to Indian traditions the waters of this mountain lake never give up their dead. In the dim light of dawn, and in contrast with the white expanse of the snow-covered ice, the open water looked black as ink.

Turning northward down the lake, in the well-packed trail, I kept a pace of about four and a half miles an hour. The temperature was not lower than zero, perhaps 5 degrees above, and all of the conditions for walking perfect, and I soon began to think that my forty-five-mile march would not be much of a chore, anyway.

When the sun rose above the great ridge that lies between Bennett and the Windy Arm of Tagish Lake and lighted the whole of my lake, with its amphitheater of mountains, all evergreen-timber-clothed at base, but with summits of snow, opalescent in the first hues of the morning, changing to burnished gold or flame as the light increased, the scene was gloriously beautiful, a gem of that far wide land of the great white silence.

The air was so wondrously clear that it seemed one could almost throw a stone to the hill by the Caribou Crossing of the stream which is the outlet of the lake, though it was fourteen miles away.

In such an atmosphere distances are very deceptive, and but few people under the most favorable conditions accurately judge of distances, so I was not surprised that the little Irishman I caught up with had been having trouble as to the miles away of his objective point. I noticed him sometime before coming up with him. His very short, stout legs were in violent action, but it was principally up-and-down motion, that would have been dangerous on thin ice. When I came up to him he said:

"Good mornin', sor! Be thot the Caribou?" pointing to the hill.

wounded or had relatives killed or wounded by shots across the Mexican border in April and May, have been reported by a commission of our army officers entitled to indemnities aggregating \$36,000, and this will probably be paid. All of these claims were reduced by the commission from the amount originally asked.

In addition to these there are a great many other demands on account of personal damages, and there will be a large amount asked for on account of damages to property. One of the Mexican papers here prints an interview with a prominent American, whose name is not given, in which it is stated that the United States asks \$6,000,000 pesos, or \$30,000,000, as an indemnity for the damages caused to American interests here, and suggests that the Mexican government may compromise the matter by giving us Lower California. This supposition is doubtful, to say the least, although a large part of the mines and lands of that peninsula now belong to Americans.

Americans are not popular in Mexico. This is especially so among the middle and higher classes. They are jealous of our success as a nation, and also of our success in making money out of Mexican investments. They realize that some of the best properties in Mexico belong to our people, and while they want American capital they feel sore because we make money out of investing that capital here.

In a suit at law the American has but little chance with the Mexican unless the evidence is altogether in his favor, and if he gets into trouble, he is liable to find himself in jail when the right is all on his side. Indeed, the red tape surrounding the law here is such that most foreigners are submit to petty thefts rather than be involved in lawsuits. I know of an American who had an umbrella and some hats recently stolen from his front hall. He announced the fact to the authorities, and policemen came and arrested all the servants in the house. The American was

called before the court again and again. He went a half-dozen times and lost many days from his business, and at the end could not see that he was any nearer finding his property than at the beginning. He finally sent word to the judge that it was all a mistake. He had not lost any hats, coats or umbrellas, and he hoped that no further account would be taken of the matter. He had to write this fact on the court book, and the case thereupon was dismissed.

One of the troubles connected with justice is the graft which is universal on the part of the police and other officials, and sometimes even the judges. Some Americans claim that judges are compelled to give decisions as to important cases by higher officials, and one man who has a big mining claim which is to come before the Hague intimated to me that President Porfirio Diaz had forced the judge to change the decree and decide against him.

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# In a Winter Storm on a Yukon Lake.

By Charles R. Moffatt.

miles across the little Lake Nares; another mile along the connecting stream between Lake Nares and the Tagish Lake, and down the right-hand shore of Tagish, nearly to Windy Arm, brought me to the cabin of the Timber Commissioner by 10 o'clock a.m., having walked the twenty-two and a half miles in five hours.

I got the permit and a good warm dinner, rested for a time, and at noon started on the return trip. The going was all right until I turned from behind the hill at the Caribou Crossing out on to the wide expanse of Lake Bennett, when I found that I not only had a stiff head wind to oppose, but that a slight thaw had made the trail quite slippery in places.

All afternoon the walking was hard, trying work, and progress slow, but by 5 o'clock a fall of temperature made firm footing again, and I was within two miles of the island. Then I noticed rapidly accumulating and swiftly changing masses of cloud in the Chilkoot Pass and about the adjacent mountaintops, and knew that a storm was brewing, but thought I could reach our camp before it broke over Lake Bennett.

By the time I had covered another mile the rolling masses of livid cloud had reached the upper end of Lake Lindeman, and I noted that all of the other men on the lake were rapidly making their way to the nearest shore.

I ran the last three-fourths of a mile and reached the shelter of the perpendicular cliff of the lower end of the island. It would have been possible for me to have made my way easterly, in the opposite direction of our camp, under the shelter of the cliff, to a place where it was much broken and easy to climb, and there were many small dry trees on the island that would have furnished fuel, but the temperature had dropped at least twenty degrees in as many minutes. I knew it would be an awful night, and our camp was now but a half-mile away.

Halting only long enough to get my second wind, I ran for the shore, but I did not get more than two rods beyond the shelter of the island until the squall was upon me with dreadful fury—a whirlwind smother of snow that sight could not penetrate for a yard. The round, hard pellets stung my face like shot and packed around my double snow glasses until I was blinded. Facing the icy wind, exhalation was all but impossible. My breath was driven back down my throat until sharp pains darted through my lungs, and I seemed to see a myriad little bombshells bursting with flashes of red light; I was "seeing stars." Stepping upon ice from which the wind had swept all of the snow, I was instantly blown off my feet, and rolled, tumbled and skated along for rods, bringing up against a small drift. Of all of the directions—north, south, east, west, and up and down—I was only sure of down. For some moments I felt as if I would never again draw a full breath, but by pressing my forehead down on my crossed hands and keeping my arms firmly against the sides of my head, I kept out the snow and again breathed normally.

A line from the point of the island to our camp passed about 100 yards to the south of the big air hole. As the storm was blowing down the lake, from the south, I had

been blown and rolled several rods northward, and felt that it would not be wise to again attempt to cross south of the open water. I knew that I was still considerably to the east of it, the hole being nearer to the point of rocks than to the island, so I decided to run to the north for 200 yards, as closely as I could estimate that distance, and then turn west.

Still keeping my head down on one hand, I managed with the other to work the snow cut of my eyes, and get my compass from an upper inner pocket of my coat, and open it in the sheltered space between my arms. When the needle had settled I swung my body around on the ice until my head was to the north, my feet to the south, and returned the compass to my pocket. The chill that went through me warned that I must hasten. Exposed to the full fury of that icy blast, without action, one would soon become incapable of further effort and perish in an hour.

Making sure that I faced the north I got to my feet and ran as fast as I could, but was again almost instantly blinded and nearly smothered by the swirling snow, but, unseeing, gasping, slipping and staggering, I kept going until I had counted ninety strides, when glare ice again caused a fall. As I had run with the wind I believed I had made more than a hundred yards. Again while lying flat I dug the snow out of my eyes, got direction from the compass, and made another dash, this time counting seventy-two strides before falling.

It was a hard fall, and when I again examined the compass I found that the needle had been jarred from the pivot and the instrument was useless.

For a moment I was almost in despair, but I had noticed that the wind, though still as violent as ever, had become much steadier, and believed that I had but to keep my back to the wind and go forward.

I made another dash, counting forty strides, then turned at right angle to the left, and guided only by the wind on my left side, made for the shore; running at times, at other times, after a fall, crawling across patches of smooth ice, at all times blinded by the driving snow, and gasping for breath, I finally stumbled over a rock and fell into a mass of others, the shore.

As I lay there, bruised and almost too exhausted for further effort, the rear guard of the squall passed as suddenly as the vanguard had struck me, and the storm went like a rolling white mountain, roaring down the lake, leaving a clear sky and comparative calm.

I found that I had made shore about the center of the rock point, and but twenty yards north of the open water, now lashed to a fury which had considerably widened the open space.

As I painfully dragged my bruised and stiffened limbs to the camp the lake and the valley were already in the first shadows of night, but far up, the very highest battlement of the great rock rampart crowning the mountain to the west was touched by a ray of sunshine from the far beyond, the last light of a day that I will long remember.



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Mrs. Gog-  
relatives  
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sylvania.

TANGLE OF BUGS.  
BURNED WITH OCEAN PARK.  
Mrs. O. S. Houston, the wife of a

Strawberries — Fancy  
ripe, 3 for 25c.  
Raspberries — Basket

Pears — Fancy Tele-  
phones, per lb., 5c.  
Asparagus — Fancy

Squash — 3 lbs.  
10c.  
Tomatoes — Fancy ripe,  
per lb., 15c.



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Saturday, May 24, 1913.]

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated

# The Sneak. By Frederick Reel, Jr.

## MILLIONS AT STAKE.

WHEN Harold Madison found himself sitting in the private office of Martin Summers, one of the oldest and best known bankers in New York, he was not at all surprised, for in the last three years he had done nothing but follow this elderly man around as if he were some faithful servant.

Madison was, in plain language, the confidential clerk to this banker. He attended to everything for the elderly Mr. Summers both in personal and business matters.

Thus, as Madison sat contemplating the pale, grave face of his employer he could not help but notice the marks of age that were stamped plainly upon the face of the man. His hair was snow-white, his eyes had lost a great deal of their luster, and his hands trembled as he folded a sheet of paper and inserted it in an envelope.

"Harold," said the banker presently, "you are going to take a trip across the continent for me. I wish that I were young and strong like you, so that I could go along. But"—he shook his head and sighed—"I'm afraid I have to give in at last and admit that I am getting along in years.

"I am sending you on a very important business journey. You are to carry about \$5,000,000 worth of securities to Douglas, Strohm & Co. of Seattle. All of the securities are negotiable. Therefore you fully understand what confidence I am placing in you."

Madison shook his head and calmly watched the old man as he placed paper after paper into the satchel on his desk.

Finishing, and closing the satchel, Mr. Summers turned upon Madison.

"I trust my confidence in you will not be shattered. You must deliver this satchel with its contents to the firm in Seattle even if you have to lose your life in the attempt. If you don't—well, I am ruined."

Madison's jaw became a trifle more squared, his eyes twinkled, but he offered no comments. He usually accepted everything that came to him with a mere nod of his head. But he thought a great deal as he waited at the Grand Central Station for the Chicago Express.

To carry millions of dollars across the country does not appear a very troublesome task, but of late Montana seemed to be filled with hold-up men, and besides, it was mid-winter and the snow was doubtless thick in the northern mountain regions.

When Madison reached Chicago and had boarded the Limited to Seattle, he lay back comfortably in his seat in lower 12. Now and then he raised his eyes to look upon some new passenger who was boarding the same train.

An elderly man had followed the porter to the same section as that occupied by Madison, and Madison groaned to himself. His passage to Seattle would not be a very pleasant one.

An attempt at conversation showed that the man was a foreigner. With a sudden frown Madison buried his face behind a magazine and refused to even glance up from the pages of the book.

After a couple of hours' travel, Madison leaned back and stretched. He laid the book down on the seat and looked out the window. Then turning and looking across the aisle, he beheld a beautiful young lady occupying the berth directly opposite

He had been staring rather hard at her, when suddenly she turned and looked at him. He made a quick drooping of eyelids, as if he had been looking all the while at the floor, and then pretended sleep.

Presently, on looking up, he saw the young lady reading a magazine. Glancing to the seat for his, he saw that it was gone. It dawned on him that the young lady had quietly taken his magazine and was enjoying the first story while he had been pretending sleep.

The young lady happened to glance up from the book and saw him looking around for his magazine.

"Did you wish your book?" she asked. "It fell on the floor."

"Not at all," replied Madison. "I am quite through with it."

She then began reading again.

That noon, in the dining-car, Madison had a chance to talk with her, and as she was acquainted with the country she began pointing out this and that place.

The train had now left the level lands and was speeding down an incline on the mountainside of one of Montana's snow-covered, quiet retreats. Madison had spent most of the day with the young lady, whose name he had learned was Matilda Fernside.

Now, as it was growing late and the lamps had been lit, Madison, having nothing else to do, sat watching Miss Fernside out of a corner of his eye. He saw her cast a hurried glance about her, then he saw her open a purse and slip something into her shoe.

He smiled to himself as he thought of her suspicions and fear of being held up, and then, being quite hungry, went back to the diner and had something to eat.

Along about 9 o'clock, much to Madison's surprise the Limited came to a sudden stop in one of the flats. Raising his window, he peeped out and saw a red light shining from the signal-board.

"It's only a signal against us," he said to Miss Fernside, who had cast an inquiring glance in his direction.

But Madison's words had scarcely been spoken when two fellows came into the car. "Throw up your hands! None o' yuh move!"

It had all happened so quickly that none were prepared for the shock. Old Mr. Gunster, who had vowed that no man lived who could beat him to it, calmly extended his fat hands above his head. Simon Levin, a drummer, had laughed at the idea of being held up, but the laugh was gone from his face and he was now looking as scared as anyone.

All the while one masked fellow was relieving the passengers of their valuables, while his partner was quietly swinging his gun here and there, watching with quick, furtive eyes.

Madison felt the perspiration trickle down his cheeks, yet a chill passed through his body.

He had a revolver in his hip pocket, but the masked man had an eye on him. The one hold-up man was close to him. He had tackled the foreigner, and it was Madison's turn next.

Madison felt sick. His eyes twitched as he tried to look squarely into the face of the man with the gun.

The other masked man was standing beside him. He felt a hand steal into his vest pocket. He saw his watch dangle on its

chain for a second and then disappear into the pocket of the robber.

Then the man paused and gave him a penetrating look. Madison could see his eyes sparkle through the slits in the mask. The second man likewise gave him a hard look.

Suddenly, as the one masked man glanced at his satchel, Madison realized that the time for some movement was at hand. He must try to disengage the robber's attention from himself without arousing his suspicions. Therefore, he turned upon the bigger man and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I have nothing else," he said, "but that young lady across the aisle has money hidden in her shoe."

Time was precious with the desperadoes. They would see if this man spoke the truth. Miss Fernside was requested to remove her shoe. As she did so, a roll of bank notes fell to the floor.

The first masked man picked them up, and gave the second man a nod.

In a few seconds the train had been looted, the masked men had disappeared, and the train continued its journey.

But Madison found himself a target for insults. The drummer scowled at him, Mr. Gunster said that if the robbers hadn't taken his gun he'd have been tempted to waste a good bullet on him (Madison).

Miss Fernside bore her misery through tears and angry expressions. She didn't even give Madison a reproachful look. He was doubtless too much of a sneak to deserve this.

But later Madison had a talk with the conductor. He asked where Miss Fernside's ticket read, and found that her destination was Los Angeles. When he left the train at Seattle he ran the gauntlet through two lines of angry, furious people.

That night he sent a telegram to his employer. The securities were safe in the hands of Douglas, Strohm & Co. Then he sent an angry letter to his employer telling him of the hold-up and of the insults he had received, and how he had used Miss Fernside as a means of saving the securities. He also told Mr. Summers that he didn't want the job any longer.

Six days later, with two telegrams in his pocket, he was on his way to Los Angeles.

But upon arriving at Los Angeles he found it a trying task to find the lady. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Madison found himself in a city of business. He was walking through streets where the sunshine of California never shone because of the large, imposing buildings.

If Madison had expected to take up his quest in some large village he was sadly mistaken. Pine street, or even Wall street, would be far easier to navigate than some of these flourishing streets in Los Angeles.

He was almost despairing, when one day he saw the young lady pass him in an automobile. He had a hasty glance at the license number, and making a memorandum of it, felt that he had accomplished a heroic act.

The next afternoon he called upon this young lady. To his surprise he found himself in a suburb of Los Angeles. The change from the city to the rows of citrus trees was acceptable and pleasant.

At one of these orange groves he found the lady of his quest. She was sitting on a cosy veranda. To one side of her there was

a large pergola. Pendant vines over the white woodwork.

The young lady did not recognize him at first, and when she did she rose and gave him a contemptuous look and went to the house.

For a few seconds Madison stood on the veranda. His eyes ached with a gleam. His jaws were squared and his lips were drawn tightly together.

Presently a tall man emerged from the vines and abraded recess of the pergola. "Is there anything you want?" he asked, arching his brows, for doubtless he had seen Miss Fernside's quick look of contempt and her hasty withdrawal from the house.

"I came to see Miss Fernside," he said.

The man went to the door and called her name, and she must have asked him to go inside, for he withdrew quickly. Then returned his cheeks were flushed and his face wore an angry expression.

"You are the sneak?" he asked, flashing a savage look from his eyes.

Madison's face paled and his lips quivered.

"My name is Harold Madison," he replied. "I have come here this afternoon to see Miss Fernside. I am indebted to her and wish to repay the debt."

The man frowned with his mouth.

He gave Madison a look of incredulity. "You mean that you have come to see her?"

"Exactly," he answered.

The man led him over to the pergola and offered him a seat.

"What do I owe Miss Fernside?" asked Madison. "For I suppose I must give her the money, as she won't come and tell me."

The man's face lit up in a smile.

"It is a very small amount—\$5,000,000," Madison showed his amazement.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Are you sure?"

The man smiled good-naturedly.

"Well, I might make it twice that if I insist."

Madison pulled out a draft which had been sent him by wire and handed it to the man. He looked at it and then drew a quick breath.

"This is for a thousand dollars," he said.

"Haven't you made a mistake?"

"No, it is merely the reward for a small incident that saved millions."

"What do you mean?"

"When that train was held up I saw \$5,000,000 on me. I saw Miss Fernside place the money in her shoe. I told the robbers' attention from me. I told them about Miss Fernside and her money. That I suffered the savage remarks of the passengers in silence. Not even then did I tell Miss Fernside my story. I am sure she would not hear me this afternoon."

As Madison rose, the man asked if he was stopping and then bade him good day.

When Miss Fernside's brother had been sitting in the library he read up on the incident and told her the whole story of the man.

"Now, then," he said, rising from his chair, "I think it would be a good plan to invite Mr. Madison to dinner tomorrow. What do you say?"

Miss Fernside gradually got over her resentment toward the man who had been the sneak and gladly favored her suggestion.

## The Official Poet.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

chief. In that capacity he served to the end of the war, participating in many a gallant piece of fighting and gaining particular distinction in that heroic charge at Stone River.

When the war was finally over Col. O'Hara, like many another southern gentleman of his kind, repaired to his south country and began the task of retrieving his fallen fortunes. But the nemesis of bad luck that seems to vent her spleen on genius still hovered in his wake. He went to Columbus, Ga., where he went into the cotton business. Fortune seemed to smile until fire destroyed his warehouses and wrecked his business. Much discouraged he retired to a plantation on Chattahoochee River, where, two years later, he died of fever. At the time of his demise he was

but 47 years of age, still unmarried, and his tall form was still straight and unbending and his raven hair was but slightly thinned by time.

In 1874 the State of Kentucky sent for the remains of the soldier-poet that they might be laid to rest in the cemetery where his great poem had been inspired. The spot for his grave is midway between the monument of the dead of the Mexican war and Daniel Boone, his best loved hero. When he was there buried the "Bivouac of the Dead" was read over his grave and certain lines of it are inscribed on his tomb. The tattered banner under which he had fought in Mexico was his shroud and the guns of surviving comrades were discharged over his grave.

Through all these years the poems of O'Hara had been steadily growing in fame. "The Bivouac" had gained distinction in America and abroad even before the war. After the echoes of that conflict had died

away the Federal government attempted to gather up the dead of many battlefields and assemble them in national cemeteries. The States of the South followed a similar course with reference to their soldiers who died in the battle. Eventually the government came to marking the graves of Confederates who died in the North, Confederates were admitted into the national cemeteries and the breach was healed.

In this way great numbers of cemeteries have come to be maintained by the Federal government. In all there are eighty-three of them. They are under the care of the War Department and are managed from Washington. All that may be done to make these resting places of the martial dead all that cemeteries should be. They are parked and guarded and cared for. The government contributes a monument to every soldier whose people ask it. Finally it seeks to create just the right atmosphere in its cemeteries, and that this may be

done tablets are placed about the graves, drives of these quiet stretches and reflect the government's idea of the sentiment that is to be had in the records of all the men who have fought and died since the world began.

To secure this perfection of sentiment the government has resorted to the Confederate colonel, Theodore Roosevelt. From the one short poem, "The Dead," it has selected a dozen lines and these it has cast into lines of poetry and wherever a tablet is placed on these is used. So has Theodore Roosevelt come the official national cemetery of the government. So has he become the only poet of the government that is officially designated and whose poems were ever officially used in any cemetery to the exclusion of all others. It has become the man who permeates the day of Memorial Day.

[Copyright, 1912, by W. A. R. R.]

## A CALIFORNIA

OLD JUAN'S horse  
white rock by the  
My horse seemed  
of terror and went plung-  
in his wake, snorting  
right.

"They 'fraid of Jopon,"  
the horses down to a wa-  
mugling nervously toget-  
"Who is Jopon?" I ask-  
Juan rode on for a while  
he glanced over his shoul-  
white rock and said, "Jop-  
leaves" man in all the S-  
We had been riding a-  
side of the tableland know-  
the on the north end of  
lancho in Kern county.  
apt before—a sunken  
gnate with a band of

It was the only rock  
the ranch for miles around  
"San Jopon anything to  
"Jopon" I asked after we  
some distance. But Juan o-  
one plain that I was not t-  
more out of Juan about the  
man in the San Joaquin."

Afterward, Senor Lopez, the  
of the big land quartette, the  
told us the story in the even-  
on the wide veranda. And  
could write as charmingly  
legend of the greatest war h-  
tertia aborigines.

When Jopon held his terr-  
the San Joaquin, Cabrillo had  
covered the California coast  
the island was swarming with  
who lived and fished and fou-  
their dead. Every fertile val-  
river and stream in California  
of Indians. The white man  
had dreamed of.

These people lived simple  
houses were rough huts mad-  
bushwork. The Indians had  
bush with, for, like Gunga-  
bit of rag" was all the field e-  
could find.

The valleys were thick with  
hops, and the banks of the  
streams were lush with veg-  
slightly oaks dropped acorns a-  
they abounded in succulent  
food was plentiful.

But, alas! through this is-  
and of sunshine stalked hideou-  
wild folk were seldom at pea-  
suey in all this Southland  
story of slaughter and pe-  
Rhinologists contend that th-  
Indians were mostly bands  
from the mountain  
and New Mexico. Living  
sometimes on the opposite ban-  
they often spoke different la-  
wrapped different gods.  
They fought for the best f-

10

[650]

mitted to the sanatorium. Borden  
will now file a petition for a writ  
of habeas corpus with the Appellate  
ridge, Dr. C. R. James, N. L. Morrow,  
capital stock \$75,000, subscribed \$75,  
000.

Drop in and let us mail your eastern friends and relatives some



Jr.

# Jopon, the War Chief of the Tejons.

By Harry Carr.

## CALIFORNIA LEGEND.

JUAN'S horse shied violently at a white rock by the roadside and bolted. His horse seemed to take the infection and went plunging down the road in a valse, snorting and blowing with its nostrils.

"The 'raid of Jopon,'" said Juan, with a embarrassed laugh. We had brought down to a walk and they were talking seriously together.

"The Jopon?" I asked.

"He rode on for a while in silence; then he turned over his shoulder, back at the man and said, 'Jopon was the mos' powerful man in all the San Joaquin.'"

He had been riding at dusk along the edge of the tableland known as the Banderillas on the north end of the vast Tejon mesa in Kern county. I had noticed the mesa below—a sunken boulder of white sand with a band of black across the

and the best hunting grounds. No doubt they fought for glory and for women. But, most especially, they fought for seeds.

In a rude way, they were agriculturists, planting crops of grain and maize in favored places. They moved about so much that they seldom were able to secure seeds from their own crops. They planted their crops; then moved along, coming back when the grain was ready for harvesting.

Seed, therefore, was a precious thing. Seed and acorns. Every year, when the seeds were ready to drop and the acorns were falling, war burst out. One can imagine with what anxiety and dread the squaws of the tribe must have awaited the coming of acorn time.

From the bend of the river where Los Angeles now stands to the mountains that guard the San Joaquin on the north; from the Alabama hills that look down upon Owens River Valley, to the seacoast, the finest place for acorns and seed was a

idence in that most favored of all the valleys. Every seed party that strolled in from the other tribes was driven out with slaughter and carnage.

Any war party feeling full of fight had only to cross the low line of hills from the White Wolf Pass to get all the war maneuvers their blood lust called for.

Jopon did not stop at putting a "keep-off-the-grass" sign on his oaks. He would not permit any one to set foot anywhere in the broad empire of flat land from the long line of hills pierced by the Tejon Pass to the spot where Bakersfield now stands.

His sway did not go undisputed. Many war parties attempted to invade his broad dominions, but they were always thrown back in defeat.

On one occasion—so tradition says—a strong war party came all the way across the Mojave Desert from the Owens River country in search of adventure and achievement. A tremendous fight occurred. Jopon's

was sounded by whatever method the Tejons employed.

Jopon undoubtedly understood that he faced the crisis of his career. He was soldier enough to see that his only hope lay in getting out of the wooded valley, where his warriors would have been caught like rats in a trap.

The women and children and simple household goods were hurriedly packed up and sent further up the valley, where they could hide among the oaks.

Jopon and his war party sallied down into the open valley to meet the foe.

The clash came on a low, flat mesa, where the hills shrink away and the valley opens into the great plains of the San Joaquin. That mesa is now called the "Banderillas" from the little flags that the Spanish herders placed there in later years to scare away the crows from the young lambs.

Hopelessly outnumbered, Jopon's warriors made a terrible fight. For three days the battle waged, starting when it was light enough to see and continuing until dark. With military genius, Jopon had taken advantage of the slight shelter where the Banderillas dip in a coulee at the foot of the hills.

While his warriors lay prone behind this dip, the enemy was obliged to advance across an open plain in the face of a shower of Tejon arrows. But at length numbers began to tell. Death slowly brought the Tejons to the dust. The stricken remnants of the war party were gradually forced back into the canyons for their final stand.

From the earliest days of chivalry there has been one refuge permitted the weak. This is the privilege of single combat. From the days of the Black Knight down to the wars among our American Indians, chieftain has met chieftain while the warriors stood in waiting ranks on opposite sides to watch the duel.

When he knew that all was lost, Jopon advanced alone from the canyon toward the foe. Not an arrow flew to meet him as he advanced with bow and spear. A fine figure of a soldier he must have made!

As he picked his way down the canyon, a mighty yell came from the enemy, and out from their ranks came three war chiefs. The handicap with which the battle began was to be maintained in Jopon's last gallant fight.

By common consent the war chiefs advanced, without a shot, into the low level below the Banderillas. Here, with the Kern River allies watching from the mesa and the wounded and shattered Tejons looking down from the canyon, the unequal duel began. Arrow for arrow whizzed and pinged across the level meadows. Tradition does not say if Jopon's arrows felled any of the three foemen. But when the fight had gone for a while, an arrow sang across the bunch grass and entered Jopon's right temple, sinking into his brain.

He fell at the foot of the mesa, just at the edge of the wagon road afterward built from the Tejon ranch-house to the White Wolf Pass.

As his body fell, the Tejons made one last charge out from the canyon to recover the corpse. An answering charge from the allies of the Banderillas swept them back into the hills.

But when the allies turned to take the body of the great war chief, they found, not the body, but a great white granite stone where the body had fallen.

Across the stone was a black band where the life blood of Jopon had spilled.

[The End.]

## New York's New Postoffice.

[Popular Mechanics:] New York's new \$6,000,000 postoffice building, a massive pile of pink granite five stories in height and two blocks long, facing the rear of the Pennsylvania station, is the greatest building of its kind in the world. From the curb to the topmost piece of granite is 101 feet. There are 165,000 cubic feet of granite, 18,000 tons of steel, 7,000,000 bricks, and 200,000 square feet of glass in the building. The main corridor, corresponding in length to the outside colonnade, is a combination of buff marble, white plaster and glass, two stories high, 29 feet wide and 280 feet long. There are 400,000 square feet of working space within the building



Jopon's ghost rock.

Where Jopon's people lie.

It was the only rock on that part of the mesa for miles around.

"I asked after we had ridden for some distance. But Juan only grunted. It was plain that I was not to get anything out of Juan about the 'mos' braves' of the San Joaquin."

Then, Señor Lopez, the major domo of the land quartette, the Tejon Ranchos, told the story in the evening, setting out the wide veranda. And I only wish I could write as charmingly as he told the story of the greatest war hero of the California Indians.

Jopon held his terrible sway over the San Joaquin, Cabrillo had not yet discovered the California coast. Santa Catalina was swarming with wild people, and the Indians fought and buried their dead. Every fertile valley and every stream in California had its band of Indians. The white man had not yet

discovered of. The people lived simple lives. Their houses were rough huts made of tules and brush. The Indians had no clothes to wear, like Gunga Din, a "wispy" man was all the field equipment they had.

The valleys were thick with grazing antelope and the banks of the rivers and streams were lush with vegetation. The meadows were dotted with acorns and the meadows were thick with succulent grasshoppers.

But through this land of plenty stalked hideous war. These were the days when wisdom at peace. Hardly a day passed without a tale of slaughter and peril.

So has he become the national cemetery of the government that was ever at war and whose only use is in any country, of all others. In his life, who personifies the

valley to the south and across the divide from the White Wolf grade, on what is now the main Tejon Rancho.

Here was a great grove of oaks stretching for miles along the bank of a mountain stream. Acorns littered the ground. Wild grain almost concealed the stream in its luxuriance. On the plain below, where the valley opens out like a fan, the antelope fed in immense herds.

This was the land of milk and honey. Every year it was baptized in the blood of war parties.

Until Jopon's time it is probable that no single tribe ever attempted to hold it for long. It is much more likely that the reapers came in summer in small parties—women to gather seeds and warriors to protect them as they picked. When their baskets were filled it is probable that they departed. Sometimes they met other seed expeditions and exchanged the compliments of the season, leaving their dead behind them.

Then was born into that little world of strife and savagery the mightiest war chief in the traditions of California.

Every age and every people has had its Napoleon. Jopon was the towering military genius of that day and age.

No one knows how long ago he ruled. Most Indians cannot even tell their own age. The little time remnant of Jopon's people are now called the Tejons. No one knows what they were called then.

Jopon was a man of immense physical strength and of ruthless cruelty.

The tradition is that, when his dinner sat heavily upon his stomach and when his arrows got lost, he relieved his royal grouch by snatching up little babies and snapping off their heads against the tree trunks.

He was the overlord and chief of the Tejons. A man like Jopon would be inconceivable as anything short of a chief.

To the horror and indignation of all savage California, Jopon calmly appropriated the Tejon oak groves for the exclusive and permanent use of his people.

The Tejons audaciously took up their res-

warriors drove the invaders in flight into one of the canyons of the White Wolf hills and slew them to the last man.

The result of Jopon's war policy brought about the inevitable result. There was a coalition—and a Waterloo. The weak combined against the strong, as the weak have ever combined against the strong—generally with very severe results to the strong.

There were two tribes to the north of the Tejons. One was located on the banks of the Kern River—probably beyond Bakersfield. The other lived on the banks of Kern Lake.

It is probable that they were driven into alliance against Jopon by some extreme desperation. Doubtless a shortage of food. Very likely a dry year made the water short and the fish scarce in the plains below the Tejon, and drove all the wild game up into Jopon's hills after the shaded grass. It was war or starvation.

At any rate, the two tribes made a war treaty and went after Jopon. They were joined by a lesser tribe whose locale has been forgotten.

One morning Jopon emerged from his tule hut in the valley below the oaks. Something arrested his eye.

Far up on the mountains, above the Tejon Pass, a thin blue column of smoke rose straight up into the blue sky of the morning. Jopon turned, face about. Above the line of the White Wolf hills, in the opposite direction, another thin blue column of smoke spiraled upward. As he watched, it was answered by a third column which went curling up from the crest of the divide which separates the San Joaquin from Antelope Valley.

It had a meaning and a menace to the war chief of the Tejons. It meant war. These were the smoke signals from three war parties who were attempting to surround him.

Jopon probably had no trumpeter to sound "Boots and Saddles." Never having heard of such an animal as a horse, he had no boots or saddles anyhow. But the tocsin



# Teena San. By Roy Lynden Andrews.

## LOVE'S ORDEAL.

**L**ITTLE almond-eyed Teena San was folding the beautiful silk embroideries preparatory to placing them back into the cases. In Japan, too, the traders tumble and paw over the goods and then walk stolidly out leaving the little one behind the counter to rearrange the goods.

Teena San's uncle kept the shop. He was a tall man with a stern face. Just now he was gazing out of the window on to the main street of the city of Yokohama. Sun Nichi was a wealthy man, and little Teena San was fortunate indeed in being his ward. Stillness enveloped the shop like a pall that settles down before a dripping rain pelts the blossoms of the cherry and orange trees. Old Tong-Lee, the Chinese cane-carver, cross-legged on his mat near the window, worked on in silence.

Teena San was thinking of the dark American who often came to the shop to buy silks. Would he come today—this festival day? It was the day to bow down to one of the Shoguns. All good people must climb the steep steps to the temple on the hill and humble themselves there. She hoped he would come before she left the shop, for his handsome face and kindly smile made her happy all the day.

Ah! then too would come Samari Yowara. She wished he would not. She did not like him any more since the American had come, some months ago. Samari's father possessed many yen and old Uncle Sun Nichi wanted Teena San to marry him on this account. She had loved Samari, but the American man was so big, so kind, so manly, that she liked him, too. Surely the gods would not want her to marry Samari if she did not love him. How often she had gone, knelt at the shrine in the Shogun temple, lowered her pink forehead to the floor, and told the gods—how she had wrapped her mite in a paper napkin and left it on the temple floor to propitiate the gods, only she could tell.

Teena San had thought that she had loved Samari, but when Ralph Mory, the young American attaché of the embassy, came so often to buy she could not help but draw comparisons. She learned how wise he was, because he could pick out the best Satsuma, a quality rare in most foreigners; she knew how kind he was, for he never hurt her feelings by telling her the prices were downright robbery; she knew how polite he was, for had he not said "Thank you," when she gave him his change? Teena San always smiled then. And now she found herself watching for him to come. She reasoned that he had come often before, and Americans buy much.

Yes, he came! But just to buy. Teena San was a little nervous when he talked to her. She ventured, "The American man buys much," with a sweet accent.

"Yes, little girl, we do not have silks like these at home." Then, as if pleased with her beginning, "Where did you learn English?"

She blushed. "I was in Eingleesh school."

"So? How much for this white silk?"

It was a pattern for a waist of fine white silk with large tea-roses embroidered in white on the front with marvelous skill.

She did not answer. She was deliberately staring at him.

He looked up, and then she turned a delicate pink.

"What say—man? 'Scuse," with agitation.

"How much?" pointing at the desired article.

"Three yen."

What did he want of a lady's waist pattern, she wondered. Before he had purchased hammered brass, Satsuma and ivory carvings. Probably, she thought, those were for friends. Whom could this waist be for then? His mother? Ah! she knew how kind he must be. Japanese love their mothers, too.

But he did not buy. He was doubtless dissatisfied with the price and would look elsewhere. She was sorry. As he went out he spoke to Sun Nichi. The latter had been watching Teena San. Now he would ask her why she was so flushed, for she felt her face burn. To avoid this she went to the rear of the shop. No one should know how her soul cried out in love for her knight. No—no—he particularly must not know. He was an American, great, wise, and oh—oh—he did not care for Teena San! But he was so wise and shrewd perhaps he

read her thoughts. She hoped he did not. Ah! too, she hoped he did.

Afterward came Samari. He was going to the temple up the hundred steps. Would Teena go? Yes—her uncle answered for her. She did not care to go. She wished to stay, to think of the American. Her uncle liked Samari, but she did not any more. But she went. Obedience is one of the laws for Japanese women, especially the wee little women like Teena San.

She climbed with him slowly up the steps to the temple after they had alighted from the ricksha. What a view she beheld, and yet it did not draw her thoughts from the man who had made so many purchases. She could look afar off down into the city, see the people hurrying to and fro, hear the click-clack, click-clack of the wooden sabots clambering up the long steps, see the many discard the rougher shoes to don the clean canvas coverings proffered by the adherents of the sacerdot at the entrance to the temple, or enter stocking-footed. Too, just at the top tread some stepped aside to the little shop to quench their thirst with mildly scented limpid mineral waters, or perhaps priestess clanged the gong, while fumes rose

from the altar. She turned to the left on entering, to make room for others. Her little eyes fell upon Ralph Mory. How her eyes sparkled! She couldn't help it. A faint attempt at a smile of recognition was about to grow overpowering, when his eyes met hers. Quickly her head was bowed, her blushes rioted, and the small carved ivory balls tipping her long hairpins bobbed frightfully. She clasped her hands before her, sank quietly to her knees and shut out all worldly thoughts and sights. Samari was beside her, and somehow, even though she wished he was not, he gave her a certain power or sense of fortitude. He was so near to her. He was one of her own kind. He was not so mighty, so far above her, as the American.

Ralph Mory and his companions, sight-seers, walked out. How Teena San longed to turn and look, but she dared not. Placing her offering, she wondered if the gods would accept when she was in such a turbulent state of mind. She rose beside Samari, and they too passed out. They came up with the Americans at the head of the flight of steps.

He saw her! He touched his hat!

"This is my friend of the embroidery shop," he offered in way of recognition as well as explanation to his companions. He bowed to Samari.

"Yes," she timidly answered.

Samari looked angry, but said nothing.

"I am coming back some day for that embroidery. I could not find another as pretty as that."

She was pleased, for she had thought he was angry at the price. Now he would come again. She flushed at the thought. Did Samari see? He wanted to detain her, so his companions might get a good look at her, for he thought her a pure type of the people of the Mikado's kingdom.

"Yes, sir," she gave back, delicately, without looking. She feared so much that Samari would suspect.

"You have it yet? It is not sold?"

"No," as she stepped down a step, "it is for you. Teena San save," rather laconically.

"Ah, yes, good," turning away.

Then down she went, followed by Samari, who had merely nodded to the speaker in farewell.

After a lunch at a restaurant she was soon back again in the shop. It was just the same spotlessly clean place with Sun Nichi noiselessly pacing about, stopping now and then to look out; with old Tong Lee still laboring wearily on. She slipped out of her street shoes and with guarded haste rushed behind the glass cases. She snatched up the waist with the shining roses richly wrought, slipped it into a drawer in the case at the rear of the shop, and stood a large screen of black satin, with a huge peacock and yellow corymbiums embroidered thereon, before it. She would save it for him! He must have his every wish! Ah, she loved

those eyes, that pure white skin, his voice, his every act—and he loved his mother—how great, how noble!

She guiltily came to the front where her uncle was still conversing with Samari. No one should know her heart's secret. She loved him! Once, long ago, she had loved Samari and knew that she was to be his wife. That had been such a tame feeling of love beside that which she now experienced. Poor Samari! he was so kind and good. She sorrowed for him. No, nevermore could she love him.

The weeks went laggingly by and the knight came not. What kept him away? Had he gone back across the deep blue ocean that was imaged on the pastels in vivid blues about the shop? Ah, poor Teena San! What long days now! What dark days now! Samari came often, but somehow he was not the same as before. He did not know. Ah, poor Teena San! She looked longingly out into the street day by day, but saw him not. She wondered, while moving about her tasks as in a trance, if all Americans were the same. Ah, surely the gods would bring him back to her. She would mount those weary steps every day now and give her offerings to the great gods to make her peace with them.

One day she saw him. He went flitting by in a ricksha. How her heart leaped! How she lived again! Surely he was coming back. Days sped into weeks, however, before he came again. Would he smile as before? He came! It was such a rainy day, too. When he entered the shop the gloom dispelled. Teena San was nervous. She knew why he came. He came to speak with her again. Ah, no, he came to buy. But perhaps he would say more than mere shop talk. Did he not know? Ah, poor Teena San loved him so.

That same tender smile played about his mouth as he put out one foot after the other for little Mutsu Toy, the doortender, to draw on the canvas coverings over his shoes. A word to her uncle in greeting, and then a look straight at her brought her from the reverie she was in and made her realize that he was before her. She was glad Samari was not there. How pleasant he was, although the angered gods denied fair weather. He came up to the glass case which separated her from him.

"Have you been good enough to save that pattern of roses all this long time for me, little girl?" in a low, soft voice.

"Yes—man," falteringly, not daring to look up at him. She braced herself against the counter and wondered if her father was looking. Why had she on that old kimono? If she had only known she would have put on her pink one—the silk one—the one for festival days—the best she had for him. She knew pink was her proper color. She raised her eyes to his, and smiled—she could not help it. He returned the smile.

"I will take it now."

She glided at once to the rear of the shop, and he followed. She started to move the screen, but he quickly grasped it and set it forward a little. He was so strong! They both stepped behind the screen. She opened the drawer, took out his purchase, admiringly, fondly, meditatively, and placed it in his hands. She was nervous, while her mind worked rapidly. She gazed straight into his eyes. He put his hand under one fold of the silk to see its texture better, when she spoke.

"These are ver good worrk," pointing to a rose bloom that sat up well from heavy under padding.

As she did so he moved his hand and touched hers. It was like electricity! She felt a pulse beat! She let her hand rest just a little moment—oh, a short moment, while her heart thumped at her breast—then quickly withdrew it for fear he might suspect. Ah, suspect! She wanted more than that. She wanted him to know!

"Yes, it is very good. I am going to take it home with me. I am going tomorrow."

Going tomorrow! Those simple words were like to stun her. How could he go away? He was hers, and must stay with her. She managed to speak:

"Yes—man, the mother—like—much."

"Ho, ho, ho!" he burst out. "It is not for my mother, girlie. It's for my sweetheart. Know the word sweetheart?"

Ah, if anyone could not! She knew it in forty languages, it seemed to her. She almost gasped. She clutched for the side of the screen to steady herself, while she felt that she was cold, nipped like the delicate

cherry buds when the ugly snow came unwarningly.

It was but a moment. She was enough to say:

"Ah—man—'scuse."

"Oh, that's all right, but you must use paper round him, eh?" wondering under the sun he had said such a thing to a clerk in a shop.

Ah, poor Teena San! He did not know. He was even indifferent. He was unaware that she loved him. Ah, poor Teena San!

"Yes—me do," she stammered, glad of the opportunity to get away, fairly ran to the counter. She snatched the silk with a vengeance of such anger toward the official that he knew he would notice it. It was another. His other! No—no—she had never been his. She knew the tears forcibly, tendered the money which he proffered the three yen, hated to take that money. He came at him! He dared to pay her for the thing he had brought them together—no other. Ah, no—had brought her to him. She knew now that he would not to her. She took the money.

"I hope she pleases," gently.

"Oh, I'm sure it will," lightly. "I shall always remember your pleasure," extending his hand. He did it he never could tell, but about her face seemed to glow.

With eyes demurely cast down she hid her little palm in his. He was not. She realized only then how old he was. She choked back the sob. No, Japanese women do not—no. Ah, Love, the hideous dragon, had his soul, had eaten her life, had killed her. He had ground her feelings into nothingness. Poor Teena San surely must die.

With shuffling feet, staggering, walked back to the screen where she eyes in the peacock's tail moved to into her innermost soul. Her chest blinked and blinked and blinked, conquer the well of grief.

He was gone! Gone! Gone! Another! Ah, Teena San! The willows would weep for the place of the cherry blossoms in her weeping would fill the air of all the pelling the scent of the flowers. Teena San weep too? Ah, no, she was brave. She was a Japanese woman and Japanese women suffer much, but not weep—must not cry.

She awoke from her sorrow when she saw that Samari was at her elbow, the Japanese tongue.

"Take some cherries, Teena San!" She forced her head up and saw the cherry time. No, the dark day was over. The cherries had ripened, and she was gone. She must go on living, while it was bright for others. She grew into a noble Japanese woman, felt certain that she would cry out tenderness, the well-meaning of her taunted her. His smile returned, pitied her! Ah, Teena San would not wanted to be her friend—her love—did not know. She knew! Ah, she had loved, too. Would he be so kind the love he wished her? He was a friend, and when did she love him as now? She took the cherries and ate together. She tried to smile, but it was a feeble attempt. Would he smile again? Ah, how she loved him! Samari was now smiling at her.

Samari was now smiling at her. He had received a commission from the Mikado and some day he would be great man. Teena San heard. It was she should. Perhaps after all it was love Samari. He was so good, so kind, so loving. They talked long after the force the tears back, and old Tong Lee glad to see them together.

The morrow came with a rain that down vehemently as in anger of the low. The streets ran rivulets, and carried huge, cumbersome umbrellas click-clacked their wooden canopies on pavements. It was a dull day, a little trade, so that while the day was dark and dreary.

While the lull of the rain fell, pause in the day's noise, a woman came out from the wharves at the water's edge. It was a long drawn out, dark, old



dockage came three short toots, the signal of the swinging off into the watery road to America. Teena San heard. She must fight again! They were like a three-fold death knell to her. She sank to her knees

"Teena San no forget—me no forget!" while a single tear sparkled in the corner of each little eye like a dewdrop on the petal of the cherry blossom.

*By Elisabeth C. Hasty.*

Christian's path lay swathed in changing shadow.

With regretful sighs for a perfect day fast closing, we donned our sweaters, shouldered our knapsacks and turned our reluctant feet backward adown the path we had made on the brink of the waters, pausing often to watch a lizard flash across a gray stone, a spider lower himself to the water's edge, or the swaying of the wild blackberry vines a-snow with starry bloom.

So we came out into the open meadow again and took our way carward, gathering here and there a spray of wildflower or a graceful, fern-like celery frond, and finally to crown them all, queen of all the California flowers that bloom, the glorious, golden poppy, which the Spanish call "copa de oro"—"cup of gold." How much more of beauty lies in the living Spanish words! How tame beside them seems our cold word "poppy"—how meaningless! Copa de oro! How more than any other flower that blooms do they translate and typify to us the spirit of the California of the Past!

Look deep, deep into their burning, sun-dipped hearts. Out of the flaming cup of gold rises a fragrant mist like the faint veil that covers the hills. It wavers and floats before our vision. Gradually it assumes shape, form, life. Slender, swaying figure; tiny, twinkling feet; rounded, supple throat; laughing, wine-red mouth; slumbrous, burning eyes; rippling, blue-black curls! Vibrating, pulsating with the passionate life that flushes the warm brown cheek! St. Anthony, save us from temptation! It is she! California of the Past, peeping at us from beneath her smutty lashes, delicious dimples playing "I spy" beside the coral lips.

Our hearts burn within us with desire of her wondrous, witching beauty. We stretch out passionate fingers to clasp her to us forever. We think to hold her ours and, with her beside us always, "in the hollow lotus-land to live and lie reclined."

And lo! The veil of mist drifts off mountainward. From the depths of the canyon wafts a faint, far tinkle of golden-throated laughter. Behold! From between our closed fingers droop the tired petals of a bruised poppy. Copa de oro! Cup of gold!

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### He Must Dig.

He wanted a job, and, like everyone else,  
He wanted a good one, you know;  
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,  
And the salary mustn't be low.

He asked for a pen, but they gave him a spade,  
And he half turned away with a shrug,  
But he altered his mind, and, seizing the spade—he dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,  
And the months and the years went along.  
The way it was rough and the labor was hard,  
But his heart he kept filled with a song.  
Some jeered him and sneered at the task,  
but he plugged  
Just as hard as he ever could plug;  
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade,  
And gave him a pen in its place.  
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,  
And victory shone in his face.  
We can't always get what we hope for at first—  
Success cuts many queer figs,  
But one thing is sure—a man will succeed  
—if he digs.

—[Unidentified.]







# The Man Who Snubbed Fortune.

By Herbert Kaufman.

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1818 your great-grandfather, stoopt on the site of the Flatiron building with the price of Broadway Twenty-second street to Square jingling in his pocket, the "luck" that de- vised the chance to get in on the second floor of New York real estate. Your grandfather could have bought half the loop district for less than you can buy a suburban building lot. Opportunity hasn't missed a day since the Garden of Eden was laid out in home sites. There's no particular time nor place for success. Every man everywhere meets it. Every day looks her full face and snubs her half a dozen times between dawn and dusk. Tomorrow your neighbor will be climbing on a ladder which you would have mounted yesterday. You haven't neglected you— Fortune has no pets. When the clock ticks somebody

Will and imagination are the great divisors of society. Nature occasionally short suits an individual. Once in a while she's careless and handicaps an unfortunate with congenital disabilities, but on the whole she strikes a very uniform average and maintains a consistent standard in the human product. Every man can't angle in the same pond and crowd his creel, but there are always streams in which a catch can be made. All fish won't rise to similar bait, but those who try persistently and experiment long enough will fill their hooks. You still have your tackle— your faculties are unimpaired— you know more than when you attempted before—you've suffered no irreparable loss until you've lost your nerve, and that condition is entirely a mental attitude. You may not be as able as you esteem yourself, but it's a dog-gasted certainty that the rest of us

will believe you are as incompetent as you think you are. Take a new view of the world in the morning, because the world is new at every sunrise. Take your old view of yourself— retrace your memory until you're back to the outset of your career— put the same eagerness and earnestness and self-confidence in your thoughts and your bearings—be- lieve that you're capable. You may miss again, but now you know from experience that a miss-out isn't a knock-out. Edison made ten thousand at- tempts before he produced the in- candescent lamp. You won't have to try nearly so often before you'll see a new light. Now put on your hat, walk downtown and stand in front of the piece of property which you had the means to buy when it was sold at a dime on the dollar of its present worth, and hereafter spec- ulate on the future. Since you didn't take your profit in the past, make profit out of it.

Beauty for Ashes. By May C. Ringwalt.

WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR Letitia's sudden dis- content. "My dear," he blundered, pleased at hav- ing so reasonable an argument to offer, "Jim Morton's position is very different from mine. He married a rich wife, and—"

"And you only a penniless orphan!" The red danger signals flared in Letitia's cheeks and her black eyes flashed. "But I can tell you right now, Digby Hollister, if I was only a country-school teacher when you married me, I had more money then to spend on myself than I've ever had since. More good times. More—everything. And if I'd known—if only I'd known what an endless grind married life was, I'd have remained single to my dying day!"

"Letitia, do you mean that?"

"Yes, I mean that—and a great many other things that wouldn't be pleasant for you to hear!"

And dashing down the magazine whose leaves she had been cutting, Letitia took flight in a tempest of anger and tears.

One day followed another, and strangely enough the world went on as though nothing had happened. But to Digby the sweetness had suddenly gone out of the meadow lark's liquid music. No longer was there warmth and color and beauty in the cloudless sky, in the deepening gold of the oranges on his trees. And in the house, while Letitia talked to him as usual, per- haps a little more than usual, while Pink still perched on his knee, Tom discussed football with the same enthusiasm, and Mil- dred dimpled and coquetted in her woman- child way, there was a deep gulf fixed be- tween the old happiness and the present be- numbing sense of discouragement and fail- ure.

Digby had other worries beside the quar- rel with his wife. A high wind blowing and buffeting through the orchard had kept him on tenterhooks for twenty-four hours and left him anxious. Few oranges had fallen. They were too heavy, had too firm a grip upon the tree. But the wind had stripped off leaves, broken some of the weaker branches. Left here, there, everywhere, patches of fruit exposed to frost should a cold snap set in.

And it was an unusual year in Southern California. The rainfall below the average. The weather unseasonable, changeable, so

that no one knew what to expect next. There was a nervous tension throughout the community. An eager comparing of notes in regard to "off" years. A heated discussion of probabilities among the weatherwise.

During all this trying time of waiting and watching, Digby was very silent—"glum," Letitia called it, quietly resentful that he did not talk over his anxieties.

But to Digby talking things over with his wife was no longer possible. For it was the truth behind Letitia's angry words that cut to the quick. When he married he had expected such a different future for himself than the one he had been able to realize. He had hoped, though, that other things that he had not banked on then had made up for the honors and riches that he had boyishly dreamed to lay at the feet of the woman he loved with an old-fashioned knightliness of heart—happy little sur- prises of their daily comradeship that had flowered their uphill path of toil and strug- gle; the joy and pride that they had taken in their children; their pleasant neighbor- hood interests and intimacies. But now that he knew that the purple and fine linen of life were necessary to Letitia's happi- ness, that she had bitterly felt their lack, every mishap suddenly seemed part and parcel of his failure to satisfy her, and hu- miliated he hid his fears deep down in the depths of his sensitive, hurt soul.

And more and more chill grew the air that swept down from the snow-covered mountains—stiffly the mercury fell and rose again—fell and rose.

The smudging pots were put in readiness. An extra supply of crude oil laid in. A dozen times a night Digby was up, his head out the window.

Then with the unexpectedness of the long expected the blow came. In an hour's time, the mercury dropped ten degrees. And the sun was still shining a pale, sickly shine.

"A killing frost tonight," was the bulle- tin of warning read in dumb silence throughout that fruit-growing world.

But it was a brave world. No thought of supinely giving up until driven to the last ditch. War had been declared. That was all. The fight was on.

In the darkness of night and the death grapple Digby's garden of golden beauty and promise was suddenly transformed into

a hell of ghoulish ugliness lurid with leap- ing flames, belching forth black clouds of smutty smoke.

His face a dull, blank white, a hunted look in his eyes, hour after hour, the mas- ter of the garden worked like a demon possessed—and knew that all his labor, all his expense, was in vain.

At last, just as the mocking brightness of dawn was flushing the darkness of the eastern sky, Digby leaving the fires in charge of his hired man, staggered back to the house and, stealing in like a thief in the night, dropped exhausted upon the liv- ing-room floor.

At the sound of the stealthily-opening front door, Letitia, who had spent sleepless hours lying dressed on the foot of the bed, sprang eagerly up and lighted her candle.

Then suddenly a strange, sickening sen- sation went through her entire being.

Something—someone had fallen.

She ran into the hall, and, holding out her candle, peered into the black depths be- low.

"Digby!" she tried to call out, but her throat closed and she could not articulate. She had no recollection of going down the stairs, but an instant later she found herself in the living-room, her shaking candle held over the unconscious form at her feet.

The pale light from the candle accentu- ated the white haggardness of her hus- band's face, the black smudges of soot that gave it a weird uncanniness.

"Digby!" she cried, frantically shaking him by the arm. "Digby!"

There was an answering tremor in the crumpled body. A stir of movement. Slow lifting of the heavy eyelids. A deep-drawn sigh.

She set down the candle and ran for water—a glass of wine. Kneeling by his side, gently forced her arm under his shoulders, raising him into a sitting pos- ture, his head pillowed against her breast.

"Another failure, Letitia," he faltered at last. "All—our oranges—are gone."

"What difference does it make about the old oranges?" she cried joyously, tears streaming her cheeks. "What difference about anything, so we still have each other! Oh, Digby you gave me such a fright! I thought you were dead!"

15



Drop in and let us mail your eastern friends and relatives some good news.



## Recent Cartoons.



STOP THE CHIN MUSIC AND GO TO WORK.  
*Philadelphia Record.*



WELL, UNCLE SAM HOLDS THE BAG.  
*New York Herald.*



*Indianapolis News.*



*Washington Star.*



*The Bee.*



*Baltimore American.*





During the  
tailors' strike  
there was  
considerable

**IMPARTIAL REVIEWS BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.**

## THE TITANIC TRAGEDY.

**"THE PASSION-SCENTED EAST."**

brought up in the harem-like atmosphere,

**118**

manatorium. Borden  
a petition for a writ  
you with the Appellate

ridge, Dr. C. S. James  
capital stock \$75,000,  
000.

her own lover, the dashing Adhiraj, snaps

## THOSE PSYCHIC VISIONS

let us mail your eastern friends and relatives

## THE CIVIL WAR

To be sure, it is no small feat for a writer today to add anything new to the great stock of Civil War literature which we already have. But it is not necessary to make one's actors quite as stupid as the Longs. There are times, to be sure, when the truth emerges in clear cut outline, but at other times when their nature eludes us.

INTERNATIONAL IN

princes and other high-ranking members of the royal family. The story concerns a plotting woman who tries to expose Sir Julian and in fact succeeds in resigning from the Cabinet and leaving the country. In Paris another plot is in the making. There enters the real villain, a cunning devil whose object it is to bring about a revolution in France and England. Sir Julian makes use of Sir Julian, who is a paper man comes to the scene.



**BOOK NEWS.**

## THE CIVIL WAR.

INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

STUPID MARKS. — J. E. P. (1850), Boston & Co. Boston, or ARM weather season, or er season for that matter, without a novel by J. P. that indefatigable com-  
poodle.  
That is "The Mitchell-Robert" or better nor worse than the same adventure run. It is of the British Cabinet, and other high-society in the U. S. The story concerns a girl, who is caused by the women late dividing the secret. The story ends Julian and he finds it from the Cabinet and in Paris another plot is the real mischief-maker. Prince von Falkenberg, whose object it is to be in the international and England. He is Sir Julian, when a white comes to the rescue. The

... to be a moving of first seems wasted but right way to half a dozen or by the tempest of their background of the story is in of the wealthy class in society. Miss Taylor is the "Impersonator," "Caleb" and other popular novels. in Washington.  
—  
... of Mary H. Waller's "In the Wilderness," is announced published last autumn and stand with early spring among the six best sellers. ... other words that survive the South of the Gods," which ... in have just sent to press ...  
—  
... the famous detective, is ... story in book form, of ...

...and final apprehension

WITH THE AUTHORS.

tion that English is not a musical language; but she now believes it equal to French and superior to German for musical expression. "What we should strive for," she says, "is to attain as nearly to perfection as possible in the delivery of the message, sacrificing neither the musician for the poet, nor the poet for the musician." This, it is said, is just what the late author of

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Robert D. Elder, author of the just published novel, "The Sojourner," was born at

Mr. Turrell has painted several generations of British royalty and many members of the British aristocracy, as well as many of the best families of New York, Washington and Boston; among others, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough; the Earl of Pembroke; the Countess of Essex, who was formerly the beautiful Miss Beach Grant of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould and family, etc.

When Frank Waller Allen was a boy he



Saturday, May 24, 1913.]

## NEW YORK LETTER.

W. H. W.

lived in Ghent, Carroll county, Ky., the little hamlet he has used as the setting of his recent romance, "The Lovers of Skye," the village of Skye in the story being Ghent as Mr. Allen knew it when he lived there. Ghent is situated on the banks of the Ohio River just opposite Vevay, Ind., the home of Edward Eggleston, the noted Hoosier, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." As a lad Mr. Allen fairly worshiped the ground that Eggleston trod. Having made up his mind before he was 15 that he, too, would be an author, young Allen looked upon Eggleston as the greatest man of the day. He was an author—a successful author—whose books were known far and wide throughout the land.

"I never will forget the first time I spoke to Mr. Eggleston," said Mr. Allen recently. "I had come to Madison, Ind., for a few days vacation and was about to return to Ghent. I embarked on the river packet, a little sternwheeler, single-deck craft, and presently I noticed Mr. Eggleston standing on the opposite side of the boat. Immediately I saw the good-natured, kind-faced Eggleston I started to edge my way toward him until I stood directly in front of him. Mustering up courage I took off my cap and said, 'Mr. Eggleston, I believe.' Then I began to quake.

"But Mr. Eggleston turned. "Yes, my boy," he said, 'I'm Eggleston all right; I'm that grumpy old Hoosier schoolmaster, but at that I'm not half as bad as they paint me, do you think so?'"

"Promptly I assured him that I could not see how anyone could call him grumpy, and he thanked me for my compliment, which so upset me that I hastily said good-by and retreated. But I found a place on the boat where I could keep an eye on him and for the entire remaining portion of the trip back to Ghent I stood there admiring him—almost envying him. Mr. Eggleston never knew how he was worshiped for about four hours and how I have treasured that memory of him."

"Terry's Mexico" gives an account of the history and development of Sonora, the State where conflict is now most fierce. "The history of Sonora," Mr. Terry says, "is linked with the history of its mines, for the search for minerals brought the gold-greedy Iberians hither. The ability of a Spanish Conquistador to locate a mine was almost a sixth sense. One of the mines was 'lost' for many years. The one record touching its location was a notation on an old Jesuit map to the effect that 'the opening of the tunnel can be seen from the door of the Mission Church.' For years the hills in front of this door were searched for miles with no results. In 1905 a side wall of the old church crumbled to ruins, and disclosed a hidden door whose existence had never been suspected. From this door a prospector searched the hill-side with a field glass, and located the lost mine and found a huge fortune therein."

Andre Tridon's "The New Unionism," which will shortly be published by B. W. Huebsch, is one of the many volumes on Syndicalism that have recently appeared. It marks the spread of the new movement and points out, for instance, that there are two Syndicalist newspapers published at Punta Arenas, in the Strait of Magellan, and that in Denmark the dispute between the old time labor unions and the Syndicalists waxed so warm as to arouse the editor of the Syndicalist paper to attack his opponent unlawfully, for which he spent eighty days in jail. The movement as it is found in Sweden, Switzerland and Japan is also described.

T. Everett Harre, the young author of "The Eternal Maiden," has acquired a mountain-top in Pennsylvania. In a great stone house of almost mediaeval architecture, he is living literally "above the clouds." Mr. Harre finds such solitude more conducive to work than New York, where, in Washington Square, he has one of the most picturesque studios in the city. "The taut silence of the heights," he says, "the river running as wine beneath the sunset, the night's sentient silence, when one feels the touch of immaterial hands and lips—this thrills me and stimulates the brain. In the city one gets far from the divine-of-things at times—but in a loneliness, above tree-tops and beneath stars, one's soul comes face to face with the invisible, one is perforce driven to real and vital expression." Mr. Harre is working on a new novel which he expects to have ready for fall publication.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Charles Scribner's Sons are now established in their new ten-story building on the east side of Fifth avenue at Forty-eighth street. The work of manufacturing books and magazine is conducted as hitherto in the Scribner Press Building on West Forty-third street, but the editorial and business offices of these departments are in the new building. Its architect was Ernest Flagg, designer of several of New York's finest structures—and the interior corresponds to the exterior in a certain pleasant harmonious simplicity. It is fitted for carrying on the same work with a greater skill than formerly. And this is especially true of its retail department.

In its new setting—as indeed to a high degree it did in the old—the Scribner Book Store suggests a very large and handsome private library in which elegance combines with convenience. A great oblong room, flooded at the front and rear with daylight; lofty, arched ceiling, supported by gray stone-like pillars; walls, broken by two galleries, aglow with the rich deep blues, greens and reds of leather bindings; wood-work tables and partitions of quartered oak—to step directly into such an atmosphere from the clatter of Fifth avenue is a pleasant sensation. In fact the general appearance and arrangement of the store give many interesting points for observation, and visitors, whether purchasers or not, are always welcome.

The most obvious advantage that comes to the store by its change of quarters is that of location. It is now at the center of the uptown retail district; could hardly be more conveniently situated for people that live in almost all residential sections of the city. The next great advantage is that of size. Its more commodious quarters enable it to carry a large stock of current books, American and foreign; of rare books, and of first editions as well. The stationery department shares in this: its stock will be larger and more attractively displayed. Then, too, the larger space has allowed of the introduction of a novel feature—an exhibition gallery for the display of groups of books to which some particular event or occasion may give an especial interest, and this gallery is so arranged at the rear of the store, as to light and shape, that photographs, drawings, and paintings used in illustrations are there perfectly shown—no insignificant thing, since in the course of the year there are many pictures used in this way, both for holiday books, ordinary books, and for the magazine, which have a great intrinsic beauty, now often not recognized, because their character, as pictures simply, is lost by connection with the text in their character as illustrations.

Now that bookselling has so largely passed, with the sale of everything else, into the hands of the great department stores, so that books have come, in a certain measure, to be looked upon as only one of a thousand forms of merchandise, this sort of understanding and attention is almost forgotten. But while Scribner's is a store where all the latest literature of any kind may be had immediately—yet the old tradition of the books trade, under which visitors could feel that they were not shopping and would find clerks who could enter into some measure of sympathy with their wants, is maintained. From this it is evident that the resemblance to a library is not merely superficial. It is like one also in that the books are grouped on their glass shelves according to their topics, and so representative is each collection that the desired volume can easily be found.

In fact, the Scribner Book Store long ago became a place never to be neglected by such as sought some special book that derived its rarity from age, beauty, or the specialized nature of its contents. Several of its heads were Phi Beta Kappa men, all college graduates; a wide scholarship was needed in dealing in so wide a range of subjects exactly; intimacy with literature was essential in the purchase and sale of rare editions and manuscripts.

In that latter branch of bookselling the retail department has long excelled. Among the innumerable precious volumes that have passed through their hands are the first four folios of Shakespeare. They now have a new Shakespeare folio, the first edition of Gulliver's Travels, Dickens's and Scott's works as first issued, early editions of Milton, valuable Napoleonic manuscripts in French and English, the first edition of

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" many volumes of value, beauty, and curious interest bound with the elaborate art of the old-time binder.

But this does not mean that the popular taste is neglected. A representative book store must carry full stock of current publications, including, of course, the latest novels; and that love for the permanent in form and content which inspired the creation of such a store with its personal connections among collectors—its attention to the best, in foreign production—its various handsomely bound editions of the world's great writers—its original manuscripts—its early editions of great books—has not precluded that enterprise which must enliven the bookseller to the general public.

### Awoke Amid Enemy's Guns.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] The most surprised man at Appomattox was not Lee or Grant, Meade, Sheridan or Longstreet, but a Philadelphia soldier, who is now a widely known man in this city. Judge John L. Kinsey told about him at the Pilgrims' dinner. When Lee's army fled from Richmond in April, 1865, it was hotly pursued by Grant's army. The flight and the chase to Appomattox was a fearful trial to both Federal and Confederate, and when finally the latter were overtaken and made to surrender both armies were utterly fatigued. The Philadelphia soldier was one of a small body of Union men captured on the morning of April 9. They were so completely tired out that when taken by the Confederates the Union soldiers dropped to the ground to rest.

The Philadelphia man went to sleep and when he awoke he found himself alone. All around him were stacked Confederate guns, but no guards. Finally somebody told him that Lee had surrendered and that all the Johnnie Rebs had gone home!

### Mouse as a Family Pet.

[Idaho Statesman:] "Heavens!" shrieked a well known Boise woman a few days ago as she discovered a mouse playing about the leg of the dining-room table. She was visiting at the house of a friend on North Eighth street. "Won't some one please kill that beast?"

The hostess laughed. "We couldn't think of killing the little mouse," she exclaimed. "It's a family pet."

The visitor, still badly frightened, demanded an explanation.

"Well," said the hostess, "my husband found a mouse one morning. It was so tiny and seemed so fearless that my husband brought a small piece of cheese and the mouse marched right up and ate out of his hand. It was several days before I could get used to it, but it will eat from my hand now. It plays around with no fear of any one and after it has been so trusting toward us we simply cannot bring ourselves to kill it." Her visitor left shortly afterward.

### Where Manon Wrote to Des Grieux.

[London Standard:] The prison of St. Lazare is going to be pulled down and rebuilt, and with it will disappear a curious little relic of old Paris, a tiny shop in which the last public letter writer in France plied his trade. In olden times, before education had become general, the public letter writer did a thriving trade and the one just outside St. Lazare had many customers of note.

Among them was, if rumor and the present proprietor of the little shop may be believed, the world famous Manon Lescaut, who dictated her love letters to Des Grieux there, where the only customers now are illiterate servant girls, who write home to their friends in Brittany. So rare has the necessity for vicarious letter writing become that the present proprietor of the place has added another more profitable trade to his programme and acts as an informal lawyer and man of business to many of the prisoners in St. Lazare.

### Anniversary.

Though you shall slumber through the sable night  
Your heart shall flutter with a vague delight;  
Something shall pass across your dreaming eyes—  
Your breath shall quicken into little sighs.  
And you shall feel the warmth of leaning lips,  
The delicate, soft touch of finger tips:  
And then the swift, sharp summons of regret—  
And I shall know that you will not forget.  
GENEVIEVE FARNELL BOND.

## Los Angeles Times

A Robin in the Rain.  
O robin in the evening rain,  
Singing thus your heart over  
In such merry, mirthful strain,  
Know you not 'tis close of day?

Know you not the shadows near  
Softly, oh, so softly near,  
That the garden sinks to sleep  
'Neath the rain mist's cover?

Hearing you, I think you see  
Some shy shadow, given me  
Sending mystic music far  
The twilight's dusky shades

Why such bubbling, blithesome  
Are you singing in your dream  
Golden visions do you see  
Of meadows bright and warm

Tell me the secret—how you see  
When eve is gray on hill and dale  
So shall I learn how I may bring  
Sweet comfort to my fellow wail

Oh, robin in the evening rain,  
Perhaps the secret I have seen  
You're singing o'er this gloom  
To some one in a shadowed dream

You think not of the shadows near  
Of sound where wind whistles  
stir;  
Love watches in that misty air  
And you are singing just to me  
—[Arthur Wallace Pease, in the Times.]

I Have Seen Beauty.  
I have seen beauty where the sun  
Lifted against the morning sky  
Enrobed as with divine light  
Haloed and aureoled.

I have seen beauty, where the sun  
Slopes  
In rose and flaming poppy  
To valleys hung with sunset  
At the decline of day.

I have seen beauty where the sun  
Spread their resplendent  
breeze  
Wherefrom the senses gained  
And undreamed harmonies

I have seen beauty where the sun  
Pulsed with the pale morning  
Above wide fields that to the eye  
Were like a stainless world

I have seen beauty in the glow  
Upon the earth, in the open  
Till deep within my heart of hearts  
Beauty dwells everywhere  
—[Clinton Scollard, in the Times.]

A Cry in the Night.  
Thou Angel who "prevented"  
And help the little and the weak  
Who knowest no great in the  
small,  
Seeing that in His hand  
Great Angel, heed this little cry

The cry of the despairing  
Hither and thither hurrying  
A homeless creature left to  
It prays as men pray in  
For all our prayers are but  
Nor any Judge to seal  
—[M. E. Buhler, in the Times.]

Little Things.  
It was only an acorn  
Sunk in the treading  
But it grew, an oak tree  
As on the ages rolled

It was only a little seed  
Spoken to hush a storm  
But in the hearer's soul  
And saved a human life

It was only a simple thought  
Traced by a dreamer's pen  
But on a people's heart  
And changed the world

So the little feet of children  
Often may be the seed  
Of a mighty end, as the  
Obey its mother's voice  
—[John E. Buhler, in the Times.]



In the Realm of Art and Artists.

Palette and Brush.

Current Art Topics.

**Everett Anderson.**  
...not the shadows creep  
...oh, so softly near,  
...garden sinks to sleep  
...the rain mist's cover  
...you, I think you are  
...shy shadow, given song,  
...mystic music far  
...willow's dusky slates along  
...ch bubbling, blithesome  
...sing in your dream  
...visions do you see  
...fows bright and woodland  
...the secret—how you sing  
...eve is gray on hill and gl  
...I learn how I may bring  
...comfort to my fellow man  
...in the evening rain,  
...the secret I have found  
...singing o'er this glad refrain  
...me one in a sheltered nest  
...nk not of the shadowed d  
...und where wind whistles  
...atches in that nest close  
...you are singing just for  
...ur Wallace Peach, in New

**I Have Seen Beauty.**  
...seen beauty where the life  
...d against the morning's h  
...as with divine apparition  
...ed and aureoled.  
...seen beauty, where the  
...es and flaming poppy  
...ays hung with sunset, like  
...e decline of day.  
...seen beauty where the  
...nd their resplendent  
...from the sense gained  
...undreamed harmonies.  
...seen beauty where the  
...nd with the pale aureole  
...e fields that to the  
...like a stainless scroll.  
...seen beauty in the gloom  
...the earth, in the engin  
...p within my heart of  
...dwells everywhere.  
...Clinton Scollard, in New

**A Cry in the Night.**  
...angel who "prevented the  
...p the little ant at entering  
...lowest no great in his  
...all.  
...that in His hand He hold  
...Angel, heed this little  
...y of the despairing in  
...and thither hurrying in  
...less creature left to star  
...as men pray in their  
...our prayers are but a  
...angel, flying from the  
...st and greatest, head a  
...his least one in exten  
...y think there is no God  
...y Judge to see!  
...—[M. E. Buhler, in New

**Little Things.**  
...as only an acorn seed  
...nk in the teeming m  
...it grew, an oak tree  
...on the ages rolled  
...as only a little weed  
...oken to hush a strid  
...in the hearer's mind it  
...d saved a human life  
...as only a single thought  
...ced by a dreamer's p  
...on a people's heart it  
...d changed the world  
...the little foot or d  
...might end, as the  
...the nature's hum.  
...—[John E. Dolan, in New



LE DANSEUR RECALCITRANT. BY JULES PAGES.

with round, serious eyes. A happy family gathering—though his majesty, le petit danseur, positively refuses to show his paces to his admiring subjects. The sunlight of Spain, warm and golden, lies in the courtyard where this pretty little domestic comedy is being enacted.  
Among the pictures you will like to linger over a second time are "My Garden at Brehat," "Old Street at St. Jean de Luz," "Interior of San Marco, Venice," "The Old Canal on a Gray Day, Bruges," and so on.  
Jules Pages, who recently spent a summer here, and who expressed a determination to come back to Los Angeles every two years or so, was born in San Francisco in 1869. In his youth he worked as an illustrator on a San Francisco paper. At the age of 20 he went to Paris to study at the Academie Julian under Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant and Tony Robert-Fleury. He himself is now an instructor in the same school.

After a short period he returned to San Francisco and resumed his newspaper work, remaining for two years, and then went back to Paris, repeating this programme three times in succession to enable him to earn enough every few years to study with these famous French masters. He finally settled in Paris—though he still pronounces his name in the American way and is known as an American painter.  
In the Paris Salon of 1895 Pages won an honorable mention, in 1899 a gold medal, in 1905 his work was made hors concours, and his picture of 1906 was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg.

**Among the Indians.**  
An account of the colony of painters who live and work all the year or part of the year in Taos, N. M., was given on this page two weeks ago. Among the most famous of these artists is E. Irving Couse, one of whose paintings was reproduced in half-tone. Three new pictures from the brush of Couse are now being shown at the Kanst gallery, No. 642 South Spring street, together with two recent paintings by Lon Megargee, who is the youngest of the group of artists who devote their talents to the Indians and the desert.

Megargee lives in Arizona. He has been spending a few weeks in Los Angeles, and exhibits, in the Kanst gallery, a virile study just painted at Santa Monica, "The Polo Players." Megargee will decorate the Arizona State building at the coming exposition in San Francisco.

"The Polo Players" is not, of course, an Indian picture, but a vivid record of one of the keen sports of a highly civilized community. Yet the rushing riders, seated on their spirited mounts and clad in brilliant colors, remind you of a troop of Indians on the war-path. They are speeding over a sunlit plain, the foreground being in

dense shadow. Behind them we see a row of eucalyptus trees truly rendered, above them lowers a heavy sky of yellowish gray.

Megargee's other picture, "The Camp Fire," comes from Arizona, and gives us the dark blue velvet curtain of the desert night, relieved by the red glow of a camp fire just lit by an Indian clad in nothing but chaps, and who stands beside his weary, bony roan bronco in the purplish outer radiance of the firelight. Both Megargee's studies are sincere, direct, masculine, offering much promise for the future of this earnest young painter.

E. Irving Couse is almost always concerned with the quiet and poetic phases of Indian life. Living among the Indians of New Mexico for many months every year, he has learned to know that life well. Such pastoral subjects as "The Fish Charmer," "Nature's Mirror" and "Indian Lake" have found sympathetic interpretation from him, and are now exhibited in the gallery.

The red-skinned charmer of fish, a sort of western Pan, lies flat on his stomach beside a quiet river. He is resting in the cool shadow that has crept over the embankment along the stream. On the other side of the river he may glimpse, if he looks up, slopes that are yellow in the sunlight. He is playing on a rude flute of his own hasty fashioning, and wears no garment but a crimson breech-clout. This same breech-clout, by the way, is the color note made use of in all the three pictures, each of which has a central Indian figure.

The color of "The Fish Charmer" is juicy, that of "Nature's Mirror" being much dryer and decidedly not so agreeable. A nude young Indian (except for the red clout) is bending, a la Narcissus, over a blue brook that shines like an enchanted looking-glass in its rococo frame of rocks and grasses. In the picture of Indian Lake, which lies near Taos, a young buck is thrusting aside some tree branches to peer over the water. The ruddy touch of sunset rays lies on his lithe body.

Each of these pictures suggests that the wild scalp-hunter of the West has become attuned to ways of pleasantness and peace. No doubt the scenes and figures have been "arranged" a trifle, that purchasable pictures might be made of them—yet you feel that the painter has not strained unduly the actual truth.

ART NOTES.

Excellent color reproductions of some of the famous pictures of old masters are now being exhibited in the gallery of Merick Reynolds, near the Majestic Theater.

Gerald Cassidy, painter of Indians and white men, was in Los Angeles during the past week. He has just finished a striking portrait of Judge Robert M. Clark of the Superior Court, Ventura. Cassidy is now on his way East for a visit of a month or

six weeks, his itinerary being Pittsburgh, Washington, New York and Boston. He will "take in" the International Exhibition at the Carnegie, Pittsburgh.

"The Art of Japanese Printing," with six illustrations, appears in a recent number of the Fine Arts Journal. Everett Carroll Maxwell of Los Angeles is the author. "Beware of the modern Japanese print," writes Maxwell. "It is without grace of line or beauty of color. The coloring employed by the modern print maker is nothing more or less than aniline dye of the cheapest variety. The paper used nowadays is likewise an insult to the memory of the art which in its golden age gained for the artists of Japan the title of 'The master printers of the world.'"

The Close of Summer

The wild-plum tree, whose leaves grow thin,  
Has strewn the way with half its fruit:  
The grasshopper's and cricket's din  
Grows hushed and mute:  
The veery seems a far-off flute  
Where Summer listens, hand on chin.  
And taps an idle foot.

A silvery haze veils half the hills,  
That crown themselves with clouds like cream;  
The crow its clamor almost stills,  
The hawk its scream;  
The aster stars begin to gleam;  
And 'mid them, by the sleepy rilla,  
The Summer dreams her dream.

The butterfly upon its weed  
Droops as if weary of its wings;  
The bee, 'mid blooms that turn to seed,  
Half-hearted clings,  
Sick of the only song it sings,  
While Summer tunes a drowsy reed  
And dreams of far-off things.

Passion, of which unrest is part,  
That filled with ardor all her hours,  
Burns low within her quiet heart  
As now in ours:  
The time fulfilled of fruits and flowers,  
From out Life's dying fires now start  
Love's less uneasy powers.

All is at peace; the perfect days  
Move onward to a perfect close;  
A little while the Year delays,  
And takes repose,  
Ere to the end she, sighing, goes.  
And, clothed in tattered weeds and grays,  
Weeps all her anadowny woes.

So it is with the heart awhile,  
The heart and soul that dreams engage,  
While on fruition Toil doth smile  
And take his wage  
Of Love, who cons Life's middle page;  
Regardless of the distant stile  
Where Death awaits and Age.  
—[Madison Cawein, in Independent.

**They're Wearing 'em That Way.**  
Fair ladies sigh for liberty, protest against  
Man's sway,  
And mutter that Male Tyranny will soon  
have had its day.  
But where is she who would be free, nor  
further homage pay  
At Fashion's shrine? I'd make her mine  
if she would never say:  
"I know this hat is hideous, but they're  
wearing 'em this way!"

I'd not object should she omit to honor and  
obey,  
If but my girl should have the wit to scorn  
that foolish "they."  
But sleeves may wax and sleeves may wane,  
or basques come back to stay,  
Stocks coincide with girdles wide—were  
arms not in the way—  
Ere one shall find fair maids with mind to  
say Dame Fashion "Nay."

Hats may be flats, hats may be sharps, or  
something in between;  
A deep small-gray may be au fait, or a real  
June-bug green.  
But where "They" lead 'twere vain to plead  
with Jane or Geraldine  
To stay behind, so be resigned when she  
shall smile and say:  
"It's aw'fy unbecoming, but 'They're wear-  
ing 'em this way."  
"You wouldn't want me to look queer?"  
"Of course not; no, indeed, my dear!"



# Los Angeles Times

## Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes

they are ineffective and unsightly on the street, and when this is the case must be rearranged.

\* \* \*

### Asparagus.

**T**HE three varieties of asparagus nanus, tendrilous and others, lend themselves to many charming effects in the amateur garden. The fact there is something so good in these plants that they were a part of artistic arrangement. They are beautiful, though entirely different from asparagus plumosus, which has given us a bit of her hair—and has even pressed it on.

\* \* \*

### Ammonia for Pot Plants.

**COMMON** washing ammonia is a potent fertilizer. Add one ounce to about three quarts water and water the plants with this once a week for about six weeks. You will see a marked change in growth and color as in the bloom. Local seed stores have many kinds of plant food in small packages that one is wholly sure of having starved pot plants.

\* \* \*

### Rural Charms.

**I**F YOU are so fortunate as to live on the mesa, against the foothill canyon, and have a spot of beautiful, your heart must be in the profusion of beauty in nature. Then, from the time the first days of winter appears until the last visitor has gone, and this time some localities never come. The floral procession is quite possible a few wild flowers native to the conditions of varying temperature.

The great ocean of varying colors with its countless shades and tints makes your fingers tingle with the wield the artist's brush and send it to your city friends. And then to see your children run and play by fashion's toggery, laugh and shout, and so develop the muscles on the lungs, and build up a constitution that can bear the discipline and without injury and take full of zeal.

\* \* \*

### A Pretty Succulent.

**R**OCHEA FALCATA is a native of South Africa, belonging to the family of the alacae. The grayish leaves, tinged with the bright scarlet of the large flowers, makes it a very attractive plant. As it does throughout the year. Take off a thick leaf, place it in water, and you will soon notice that a new one is formed, that are long you will find a branch, and thus you gain a new plant.

\* \* \*

### "Sea Beans."

**T**HESE highly polished seeds of curiosities. Tourists in the South bring them home, mistaking them for the product of the sea. They are washed ashore by some, and are collected and polished with oil and glass and are almost as valuable as agates. The real beauty is in the hard, bright oval "sea bean" is the product of a vine, known as the "sea bean" in the West Indian islands of America. The beans are dark green of a rich chestnut brown, with a margin where the two colors meet. These beans will keep in any place. They are sometimes mounted in glass as souvenirs and ornaments. They are our southern shores on the coast. They are not marine plants.

\* \* \*

### Ugly Gardening.

**P**LATO said: "The greatest things are done by nature, not by art." How often have we seen the work of great men that put the ugly in gardening, so that the following nature as clearly as the sun and utility will show. It is the standing writers who are the rocks of conventionality and the "beds" of ugly design, placed in the

... for this. ... some pleas ... are the ... of geol ... plans ar ... doubly so ... crime in ... says: "We ... our effort ... picture. I ... do we b ... from ugly ... would be ... there nev ... and the ... VENIAS star ... desirable ... The imp ... and sh ... painting sp ... plant bes ... tion, or a ... where they v ... also the ... the day. ... mthema. ... GIES have ... dryanthem ... etc. Cur ... than this n ... them root ... to divide ... of all the t ... plants co ... to keep th ... fertilizing ... vigorously, ... to make m ... slowly, incre ... color, af ... of water, ... of water, ... you wish go ... of Line. ... seldom, if ... of its v ... chief valu ... nitrogen ... We usually ... three forms, ... had plaster, ... advise ap ... have purp ... the grass whe ... very beneficial t ... Native Am ... MONIA BICO ... in bloom ... the earliest ... the seeds a ... in the f ... and in ... Why not get ... next year ... New Use ... York Sun:] ... picture p ... Catherine W ... disappeared ... is a decided i ... the rolling-f ... Catherine, the ... was in the ... by the polli ... across schem ... the little girl's ... moving-pict ... were made ... -showing cl ... marie, it is ... into use in ... at work ... members ba ... are educati ... conductors who ... the motion-pict ... intend to sem ... will be show ... and deport the ... more care v ... flowers well up ... of the "dis ... of the movi ... to place ... of way of ty ... several little ... of the offi ... picture men s ... picture holds a ... lines as ... and amus ...



*By Everett Carroll Maxwell.*

Character and personality come only with  
will development, and I have always been  
interested in the character of inanimate  
objects that I must some day write upon  
the theme. The long gravel paths are  
white and clean after the spring rain and  
one would dream that thousands of human  
feet had smoothed their surface. They  
lead in and out between low borders of  
padding boxwood that soon will again de-  
mand the gardener's ceaseless shears.  
Tip, clip, and snip, from morn until dew-  
fall. The gardener must be watchful and  
diligent when he wages war-on Mother  
nature

Opposite Hamburger's, Los Angeles, California.

The long stone benches beneath the trees invite me to linger in the crisp young weather, but I find that I have taken more than my share for one day from nature's storehouse of beauty and useful goodness. I pause a moment as I pass the sun-dial. It is of little service now, even when the sun is bright, for commercialism has out-crown art and the town clock may not be a work of merit or charm, but it has the prowess of utilitarianism. The ivy clings lovingly to the base of the old dial, and on the sculptured pedestal are represented the four seasons, all done very cunningly in high relief. On the whole I find a message here that seems more important for the moment than the expression of time on the face of the clock in the tower across the way. One tells me that I am akin to all the out-of-door world and to art in general, and the other that tea is ready to serve, that Lady Althea is growing impatient, and that the leaves of the "Review" have not yet been cut.

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# Los Angeles Illustrat

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Los Angeles  
Plain Truth  
and Simple.

Weekly.

## Human Body of Ours.

## Curious Things About It and How We Abuse It.

### Hygienics.

not the Physician. (Happ-

on Household Hints.

with all of us is," remarked  
"that we don't know  
the constitution of our  
this one would not  
familiar with many house-  
of the inmates. A  
and a lovely mother of  
graciously corrected me when  
on the large artery im-  
the ball of the thumb, as-  
on the other side of the  
mother, self-sciently and  
of health, assured me that a  
of it is not brought  
More and more mothers  
infants this natural form  
and infant mortality is pro-  
the increase. So is barren-  
inclined to agree with a  
that the infant who is  
no matter how it may  
likely to be lacking in  
elements which concern  
reproductive cells. Fur-  
of relieving the con-  
of the mother who does not  
and the acute suffering  
the process is answer  
so insane. But here  
to which the ignorance in  
deplorable. There seldom  
sufficiently acute realization  
of preparation of the ex-  
to nurse her child, in the  
of her body by a grand suffer-  
and doors, and by a diet that  
good milk in abundance.  
the too often lies about  
the fancies that she  
when it is only the foetus  
her vitality. And she keeps  
coffee drinking, which has  
in the system; and will  
trying foods such as toast,  
These beverages and edi-  
condiments, also have an  
upon the nerves, increas-  
and dangers of child  
the system has the greatest  
influences. A mother, re-  
observation, who denied her-  
most food and drink during  
the most beneficial re-  
is below par and is not  
to normality. She is a  
tors in the production.  
It is said that candy has  
value than meat, fish, and  
we use candy, says Dr. M.  
culture, we are not to be  
and not a dairy.  
morning hours, the develop-  
eats a half-pound of  
with a lunch, possibly re-  
during the afternoon.  
person overlooks the fact  
has been taken into ac-  
for the candy really  
The result is that we  
of our digestive  
bilious attack or in-  
sure to follow.

mother is an affliction  
our circumstances. She  
perish, impatient, and  
Her nerves won't  
there doesn't happen to  
she is sure to at-  
at her work like a  
the clacked teeth and  
the weaker her children's  
And instead of giv-  
a peaceful evening at home  
him up until the poor fel-  
to get out and walk the  
you exhaustion. All of  
physical condition  
if you were to tell this  
the mother with her, and  
that, it would avail you  
and the part of it. It  
and to tell people where  
themselves by pernicious  
if you happen to cross their  
at least it does no good at  
get to a point where they  
and every other  
they may perhaps re-  
have said to them, and  
your advice.

made is that the subject  
and intermittent diseases  
thoroughly  
of radical remedial  
For instance, in  
of the teeth, the hair, the  
All sorts  
are commit-  
defect of  
All of these  
a radical change  
when the alarmed  
his self-neglect,  
attempt to regain  
But dead hair cells may

Edward A. Ross

never be revived. Decayed teeth may never  
again be made sound. The skin may be  
treated, and in some degree its quality re-  
stored. The health of abused intestines  
may be materially improved by constant,  
patient effort, by extreme abstemiousness.  
But what in youth could have been accom-  
plished in a week or two now requires  
months—perhaps years.

"It isn't much good to preach prudence  
to healthy, thoughtless youth. And in fact  
you ought not to think too much about it.  
But those who are responsible may estab-  
lish the household habits according to sani-  
tary and hygienic rules without an endless  
amount of preaching. Very often, however,  
the older ones need education as badly as  
the younger ones. Ill-health in one mem-  
ber of a family is a damper upon the  
health of all. Even headaches are com-  
municable. Parents have no right to be  
delicate or sickly. When the slightest  
thing is wrong the cause should be sought  
immediately and corrected. And any in-  
disposition which is the result of some im-  
prudent self-indulgence is criminal. Let  
good health be the household watchword."

### Removal of Appendix is Needless.

Dr. M. H. Thomas of Huntington, Ind., de-  
clares that within a comparatively short  
time it will be considered little short of  
criminal for a doctor to operate for removal  
of the appendix. He has himself developed  
a remedy, and has been arranging with  
eastern hospital authorities for a demonstra-  
tion of his "knifeless cure."

The treatment consists of special diet reg-  
ulations and internal medicines, the most  
important of which is a preparation of cop-  
per. It is claimed that the copper acts in a  
particularly healing fashion upon the in-  
flamed appendix. From four to six weeks'  
treatment is required in the average case,  
it is said.

The doctor states that the appendix is  
placed in the human economy to serve a  
definite purpose; that its removal is unwar-  
ranted when there is other treatment that  
will correct the disease, and that the dan-  
gers attending operations and the bad re-  
sults following operation at the hands of  
reckless and incompetent surgeons over-  
balance the good they may do.

Dr. Thomas's experiments have attracted  
patients from practically every State in the  
Union and from a number of foreign coun-  
tries. Some of these were treated as test  
cases and others were informed that the  
process was not ready for general use.

### Why You Should Yawn.

[Pearson's Weekly:] Yawning may be  
rude—especially in company—but it is a  
good thing for you to do. For one thing, it  
ventilates the lungs. When you take an  
ordinary breath the lungs are not com-  
pletely filled, nor are they thoroughly  
emptied by an ordinary respiration. There  
is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs  
always, which physiologists call "residual  
air." This air in time becomes foul and af-  
fects the blood, and, through the blood, the  
nervous centers. Certain nerves get tickled  
as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretch-  
ing the lungs to their fullest extent, filling  
them with clean, fresh air and driving the  
foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn.  
For another, yawning opens and stretches  
and ventilates all the various passages lead-  
ing to the lungs. You will perhaps be sur-  
prised to know that yawning is even ben-  
eficial to your hearing. The cracking sound  
which you so often hear when giving an  
extra big yawn is due to the stretching and  
opening of the Eustachian tubes. These  
tubes communicate between the ear and the  
back of the throat. If they are congested,  
which happens when you have a bad cold  
in the head, people complain of deafness.

If you feel inclined to yawn, then do so.  
It is nature's way of cleaning out your lungs  
and air passages.

### Old-Time Medical Fees.

[London Globe:] At the beginning of  
the eighteenth century the usual fees to  
physicians and surgeons in England were  
"to a graduate in physick, his due is about  
ten shillings, though he commonly expects  
or demands twenty. Those that are only  
licensed physicians, their due is no more  
than six shillings and eight pence, though  
they commonly demand ten shillings. A

surgeon's fee is twelve pence a mile, be his  
journey near or far; ten groats to set a  
bone broke or out of joint; and for letting  
blood one shilling; the cutting or amputa-  
tion of any limb is five pounds; but there is  
no settled fee for the cure." The system  
of regulating the fee according to the  
pocket of the patient is almost as old as  
history, and was embodied in the medical  
law of ancient Babylon. Another principle  
which this law embraced was much more  
drastic than the Chinese system of "no cure,  
no pay," namely, the principle of punishing  
the unsuccessful surgeon; thus a surgeon  
whose patient died under an operation was  
liable to have his fingers cut off.

### Files and Foolishness.

[Brain and Brawn:] The California  
State Board of Health recently issued a bul-  
letin on infantile paralysis, in which it  
claims that flies are the main cause of  
spreading the disease. If that is so, where  
did the first fly get the disease? Also, why  
is it that only a very small percentage of  
the children bitten by flies are infected?

Two English physicians claim to have  
discovered a fungus that is fatal to flies,  
spreading an epidemic among them. As I  
have said more than once, if it were possi-  
ble—which, fortunately, it is not—to kill off  
every fly in existence, without first remov-  
ing the filth on which they feed, the world  
would be overwhelmed by such an epidemic  
of disease as was never before known.

By killing flies you do not remove the  
cause of disease, any more than you remove  
the cause of malaria by killing mosquitos,  
so long as you do not drain the swamps.  
Why is it that so apparently intelligent a  
class of men as are physicians of the regu-  
lar school will continually persist in over-  
looking or ignoring the ultimate cause of  
disease?

Flies are nature's scavengers, and should  
be protected, like the buzzards of South  
America, so long as there is any filth for  
them to remove. When you clean up the  
filth the flies will disappear also.

### Tack Removed from Child's Lung.

[New York Times:] At the Post-Graduate  
Hospital a large-sized, brass-headed uphol-  
stery tack was removed from the right lung  
of a child without a single incision being  
made. The youngster, Morris Vinquick, 2  
years old, was brought to the hospital by his  
mother, suffering from severe pain in his  
chest and a soreness of the bronchial tubes.

The case was intrusted to Prof. Augustus  
Caille, in charge of the Children's Depart-  
ment, and after close observation and study  
the physician reached the conclusion that  
some foreign substance had become im-  
bedded in the youngster's lung. An X-ray  
photograph showed the tack imbedded in  
the lung tissue opposite the fourth rib. Dr.  
Forbes determined to try and remove the  
tack by means of an instrument known as  
the bronchoscope. The bronchoscope was  
thrust through the bronchial tubes and  
down into the lung itself to a point directly  
over the tack. Then a long, slender, and deli-  
cate pair of pincers were inserted through  
the bronchoscope and the tack removed. By  
night the boy's condition was much im-  
proved, his fever had disappeared, and there  
was no sign of pulmonary inflammation.  
The physicians say that there is absolutely  
no doubt of the child's rapid recovery.

"Operations with a bronchoscope have  
been common," Dr. Brown explained, "but  
never before has the instrument been used  
successfully to remove an object so deeply  
imbedded. The tack had worked its way  
almost to the base of the lung."

### Fatality of Measles and Whooping Cough.

[Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette:] Figures  
show that measles and whooping cough, far  
from being mild or harmless afflictions, are  
very formidable competitors of all the other  
contagious diseases. Thus, for example,  
during a period of twenty-one years, the  
deaths from measles in the city of Buffalo  
amounted to more than 34 per cent. of the  
number dying of diphtheria, 43 per cent.  
of the number dying of typhoid, and 75 per  
cent. of the number dying of scarlet fever.  
During the same time, whooping cough  
killed 37 per cent. as many as diphtheria, 46  
per cent. as many as typhoid and 81 per  
cent. as many as scarlet fever. It is not  
true that measles and whooping cough are  
mild afflictions, even in the cases of those  
who survive these diseases.

### BROOKS AND BROOKLETS

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by  
Harry Ellington Brook, published by the  
Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los An-  
geles:]

#### Cruelty to the Animal.

A Swiss court has decided it is lawful to  
call a man an ass. Often it is a libel on  
the patient burro.

#### Advice to Women.

After suffrage, women should free them-  
selves from the slavery of Fashion.

#### Look into the Future.

Before you take unto yourself a wife,  
take a good look at your prospective  
mother-in-law. Time soon passes.

#### Little Things and Great Things.

Men will talk of little things and great  
things as if they knew what things were  
little and what things were great!—[Phil-  
lips Brooks.]

#### When a Woman Enters.

Ever notice that cold, cynical, calculating  
expression assumed by most of the sex  
when a well-dressed woman enters a street  
car?

#### Mistaken Cause.

A Washington dispatch says a big chief  
of the Sioux visiting the capital died of  
pneumonia, due to inclement March  
weather. Nonsense. It was stuffy rooms  
and overeating of white-man's grub.

#### Post Mortem Farce.

Francisco Madero was shot through the  
head; yet the doctors would not deliver his  
body to his wife until they had cut him open  
to see what he died of. What a ghastly and  
brutal farce!

#### "Mental" Dram-drinking.

Solomon said: "Of the making of books  
there is no end." What would he have  
thought could he have visited one of our  
modern libraries? Readers flutter and skip  
through a lot of sloppy stuff, and lose the  
power of concentration to read what re-  
quires thought. It is a sort of mental  
dram-drinking. Make a practice of reading  
something worth while every day, if only  
for ten minutes.

#### Good Blood.

A person whose blood is absolutely pure  
may safely sleep with one suffering from  
smallpox or cholera, or he may ride on  
the dummy of a street car, after falling  
into the water, and he will not catch cold.  
These are not fantasies. They are facts,  
that have been proven.

#### Harden Your Body.

Harden your body, and the bodies of your  
children. It is the best legacy you can give  
them. The inner hardening—by the tem-  
perate eating of pure, non-stimulating foods  
—must, however, precede the outer harden-  
ing. Otherwise the consequences may be  
unpleasant, or even dangerous.

#### Too Many Books.

Good books should be regarded as some-  
thing more than pieces of furniture. When  
books were scarce they were more highly  
prized, more carefully read, and better  
treated. There is far too much printed  
nowadays. It would be better for the world  
if at least nine-tenths of it could be de-  
stroyed, before it issues from the press.

#### Race Suicide Foolishness.

Instead of giving medals to mothers with  
big families, I would give prizes to those  
who have exercised prudence, and have  
refrained from cursing the world with un-  
sought offspring—"little accidents," as  
Sarah Bernhardt would say. This "race  
suicide" talk is all part of the crude Ameri-  
can worship of bigness—of quantity, rather  
than quality.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] By sucking  
blood from a leg of his 5-year-old girl today  
L. L. Duke, city solicitor of Ottumwa, Iowa,  
probably saved the child from being afflicted  
with rabies. The girl was playing when bit-  
ten by a cat that had fits. When the father  
learned of the incident he extracted the  
blood from the wound and then shot the  
cat.







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For Daughter and Maid.**

soak the hardware with kerosene for an hour, or longer if necessary, for further treatment.



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# Unique---Strange---Curious---New and Old.

## ODDITIES.

Name on Egg Wins a Husband.

[New York Herald:] Frederick Kelley of New London, Conn., 24 years old, has started for Moberly, Mo., to claim the hand of Miss Ava Mercer, 17 years old, whose name and address he found on an egg last December.

"On Christmas eve I wrote Miss Mercer a long love letter," Mr. Kelley said, "and on January 8 I received a reply, in which she told me she had written on the egg more than a year before. We continued corresponding, and when she sent me her picture I sent her mine. Her father sent me a substantial money order the other day and said he would give me a fine position and a good home."

Dynamite Caps as Playthings.

[Philadelphia Record:] Schoolboys at Blomberg found 600 dynamite caps in a barn. They divided them and Yaw Ward took his bunch home and pounded them with a hammer. His face, head and arms are frightfully lacerated and tetanus is feared. Another youngster carried one of the caps of eighty pounds pressure in his mouth at school. Many caps are unaccounted for and parents are anxious.

Girls Asphyxiated While Gathering Flowers.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] With wilted spring flowers clasped in their little hands, Thelma and Louise McConnell, aged 10 and 8 years, respectively, were found in the woods near the McConnell home in Bocktown by a frantic father. Thelma dead and Louise unconscious from asphyxiation. Near by was a broken gas pipe line. Louise had crawled partly out of the sheltered hollow containing the deadly gas before becoming unconscious; the older girl had been unable to escape. The girls left their home in Bocktown, Beaver county, in the early morning, "flower hunting."

Judge Fined For Abusing Police.

[Washington Star:] A dispatch from Gottenborg, Sweden, says a Swedish judge has been fined \$40 for abusive language toward a policeman who had made a blunder. The proceedings were taken against the judge at the instance of the Stockholm police, who felt that the judge had cast a slur on the force as a whole.

Man Never Took a Bath.

[New York Sun:] "I never knew my husband to take a bath, and he used liquor constantly," was the testimony of Bertha Teal of Milford, Mass., in the Superior Court at the reading of her divorce libel, alleging her husband, William E. Teal of Chicago, had contracted the habit of intoxication. The decree was granted.

At the time of the marriage, in 1901, the petitioner was 15 years old and her husband was sixteen years her senior.

Chinese Marriage Record Set Aside.

[Cincinnati Inquirer:] Setting aside evidence in the nature of a marriage record cut on a tablet in a temple in Amoy, China, the Supreme Court holds that Sy Quia, a millionaire Chinaman of the Philippines, had not been married in China, and awarded all his property to his children by a Filipino woman.

It was the first case in which religious tablets were brought across the Pacific for presentation before the Supreme Court.

After they arrived interpreters fell into a dispute as to how to translate them.

Bit Off His Own Tongue.

[New York Tribune:] Herman Hale, son of ex-County Judge A. D. Hale of Camden, Ark., bit off the end of his tongue while playing baseball a few days ago.

Young Hale was playing second base. Cecil Wright tried to steal second, and the two boys ran together. About an inch of Hale's tongue was bitten off. The injured tongue has been stitched and physicians express hopes of his recovery.

Vaccinated a Church Congregation.

[Philadelphia Record:] Officials of the Health Department carried the vaccination crusade into St. Paul's Baptist Church, on Eighth street below Girard avenue, last Sunday. Dr. A. A. Cairns at the close of the morning services mounted the pulpit and delivered a short address warning the colored congregation of the dangers of smallpox and urging all those in the church at the time to be vaccinated immediately.

Drives Auto While Asleep.

[New York Times:] W. D. King, a coal agent from Philadelphia, according to his own account, was fast asleep as he drove a high-powered automobile ten miles through towns along the Delaware River, one day last week. He refused to consider the matter a joke, as he was forced to return over his route to visit dealers through whose towns he had unconsciously run.

Near Riverton, Mr. King says, he remembers feeling drowsy. When he awoke, his car was just entering Burlington, and he could not remember an incident of the last ten miles. His own belief is that, while his brain slumbered, his eye and hand guided the car absolutely by instinct.

Woman a Human Pin Cushion.

[New York Herald:] Miss Anna Bischoff, 60 years old, a patient in the Matteawan State Hospital, is known there as the human pin cushion. Six weeks ago she swallowed a hatpin four inches long from which the knob had been removed. It punctured her stomach and an operation revealed it in the lower intestines.

A week ago she swallowed six safety pins. She was again operated on and the pins removed. She has recovered fully.

Advertising on Banknotes.

[Tit-Bits:] The directors of the North Swedish Bank at Alfta, Sweden, have concluded a contract with a number of firms for printing advertisements of their goods on the backs of banknotes. If the Bank of England would like to advertise Tit-Bits in this way, we are prepared to pay a handsome sum for the privilege.

New Use for a Hairpin.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Miss Mary Riddle, a school-teacher in Warrensburg, Mo., has for many years suffered at intervals from extreme nausea, and her physician, realizing that some foreign substance was lodged in her abdomen, advised her that the only way she would ever experience relief was to submit to an operation. She consented, but on reaching a hospital shuddered at sight of the operating table and returned home. Again her physician advised her that her only hope for life was to submit to the knife. She accompanied him a second time to a hospital and the surgeons decided they would make the incision the next day.

After retiring to her room for the night the nausea came upon her again, together with the horror of the operating table. She arose from her bed, turned on the light, and with a steel hairpin, bent it in the shape of a hook, inserted it down her throat. It touched a substance as of metal. She placed the hook beneath it and drew it from her throat. It proved to be the spindle of a small spinning top, around which was a small disk of metal.

Her nausea relieved by the removal of the substance, she slept till morning, when she presented the metal piece to her physician and the hospital surgeons. They decided that the young woman had cured herself and that an operation was not necessary. Miss Riddle says she has a faint remembrance of having swallowed a top spindle when very young, but that it had escaped her mind until she was with the hairpin.

Left Library by Weight.

[New York Tribune:] The Chase of No. 323 West End street, notice of contest in the library the other day of a conflict in the father, Louis Ash, who was a factor.

The codicil contested by the clares that in his lifetime he had given \$35,000 to Samuel R. Chase, the contestant, and given her instead to Mrs. Nathalie May, the father made this codicil in a sound mind and that the same procured by fraud, practiced by Mrs. May, or other person.

Mr. Ash provided in his will that his daughters could not agree a division of his library & should and thus equally apportioned.

Women's Soft and Easy Shoes

Women's Fit Easy Shoes, low heels, soft and easy house shoes, tip or plain toes. \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50. Men's soft and easy plain shoes, or Congress. \$3.50 and \$4.00. \$2.50. James P. B. 525 South Broadway. Send for Catalogue. Have YOU ever considered OXYGEN as a Therapeutic Agent in the OXIDATION of the blood? The progressive medical world prescribes mountain air with their Life and Health Properties in place of drug medicine, and he realizes that Oxygen is a powerful and positively efficacious remedy caused by Under-Oxidation. Science Has Made Possible that YOU can get the maximum benefit from the OXYGEN of the air, without the necessity of leaving your business or home. Call or write. Free literature. Demonstration will be given. OXYPATENT 932 VAN NUTT AVENUE, Phone F4904.

Another Morgan. Morgan, the great financier, is coming power. He is Henry P. Morgan, born in 1861, therefore present Mr. Morgan is a private school in New York. He is a lawyer and has had best reputation among of not only being a lawyer but being an accountant.

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Saturday, May 24, 1913.



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